THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

BLIND.

Where have you gone, my Earth?—
With your blossom and fruit and your dew-bright lands,
Your dancing woods where the trees take hands,
And your glad green dells where the sprites make mirth—
Where have you gone, my Earth?

Where have you gone, my Sky?—
With your mountainous worlds where the winds are born,
Your guiding lamps, your beacon of morn,
And your under-space where the birds swing by—
Where have you gone, my Sky?

Where have you gone, my Sea?—
With your silver and gold and your veils of blue,
Your vibrant ships with their sails flame-hue,
And the pearl-white fringe where your waves get free—
Where have you gone, my Sea?

Where have you gone, my Flower?—
With your love-warm eyes, and your glistening hair,
The rose in your cheek the breeze brought there,
And your laughing lips where you held youth's power—
O where have you gone, my Flower?

Georgette Agnew.

The Saturday Review.

THE THRUSH BEFORE DAWN.

A voice peals in this end of night
A phrase of notes resembling stars,
Single and spiritual notes of light.
What call they at my window-bars?
The South, the past, the day to be,
An ancient infelicity.

Darkling, deliberate, what sings
This wonderful one, alone, at peace?
What wilder things than song, what things
Sweeter than youth, clearer than Greece,
Dearer than Italy, untold
Delight, and freshness centuries old?
And first first-loves, a multitude,
The exaltation of their pain;
Ancestral childhood long renewed;
And midnights of invisible rain;
And gardens, gardens, night and day,
Gardens and childhood all the way.

What Middle Ages passionate,
O passionless voice! What distant bells
Lodged in the hills, what palace state
Illyrian! For it speaks, it tells,
Without desire, without dismay,
Some morrow and some yesterday.

All—natural things! But more—whence came
This yet remoter mystery?
How do these starry notes proclaim
A graver still divinity?
This hope, this sanctity of fear?
O innocent throat! O human ear!

Alice Meynell.

The Athenæum.

ALTHOUGH THE SEASON OF THY LIFE DECLINE.

Although the season of thy life decline,
And this thy body show her wintry night,
These spring-time suns will grant perpetual light,
Nor ever coldly on the lily shine,
Nor ever coldly on this flesh of thine:
Earth's children take no unreturning flight,
Yearly the primrose hails thy yearning sight,
Yearly each hedge restores the eglantine.

And though thy brain and body tire and fail,
And though Death make a harvest of thy dears,
And hang his sickle near thy door by night,—
Before thee then new mercies will unveil,
New hands, full of old kindness, stay thy tears,
New eyes console thee with the old love-light.

Edith Anne Stewart.

The Nation.

THE REAL TROUBLE IN MEXICO.

In the April number of this Review Mr. R. J. MacHugh set forth in detail the latest American interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine,[1] and pointed out, in the first place, what extensive powers such an interpretation gave to any American Government that cared to act upon it, and in the second place what feelings of profound anxiety were inspired in South America by President Wilson's recent speech at Mobile, Alabama. In the course of his speech, Dr. Wilson said:—

"There is one peculiarity about the history of the Latin American States which I am sure they are keenly aware of. You hear of 'concessions' to foreign capitalists in Latin America. You do not hear of concessions to foreign capitalists in the United States. They are not granted concessions. They are invited to make investments. The work is ours, though they are welcome to invest in it. We do not ask them to supply the capital and do the work. It is an invitation, not a privilege; and States that are obliged, because their territory does not lie within the main field of modern enterprise and action, to grant concessions, are in this condition, that foreign interests are apt to dominate their domestic affairs: a condition of affairs always dangerous and apt to become intolerable. What these States are going to see, therefore, is an emancipation from the subordination which has been inevitable, to foreign enterprise, and an assertion of the splendid character which, in spite of these difficulties, they have, again and again, been able to demonstrate. The dignity, the courage, the self-possession, the self-respect of the Latin-American States, their achievements in the face of all these adverse circumstances, deserve nothing but the admiration and applause of the world. They have had harder bargains driven with them in the matter of loans than any other peoples in the world. Interest has been exacted of them that was not exacted of anybody else, because the risk was said to be greater; and then securities were taken that destroyed the risk, an admirable arrangement for those who were forcing the terms. I rejoice in nothing so much as in the prospect that they will now be emancipated from these conditions, and we ought to be the first to take part in assisting in that emancipation."

This speech was delivered on October 26th, 1913, and, in view of the extraordinary attitude which the United States Government had subsequently taken up towards Mexico, particular importance attaches to the words just quoted. The events which have led to the present situation in Mexico may be briefly summed up, but it is a much more difficult matter to reconcile the policy of the United States as laid down by Dr. Wilson in various speeches with what his Government, with his knowledge and consent, has actually done during the last few months.

In November, 1911, a rebellion drove into exile the aged President Porfirio Diaz, who had held office since 1876, and under whose autocratic rule Mexico had made astonishing economic, though practically no political, progress. General Madero became President and ruled rather weakly until early in 1913. His position was strongly contested by General Felix Diaz, nephew of the former President; and even a semblance of order was not restored until Madero's Commander-in-Chief, General Huerta, suddenly revolted against the Government, joined his forces with those of the revolutionaries, put the whole of the Administration under arrest, and proclaimed himself Provisional President. On February 23rd, 1913, the deposed Presi-

[1] The Living Age, May 30, 1914.

dent Madero and the former Vice-President Suarez were shot in mysterious circumstances. The version given out by the Provisional Government was that the two men were being transferred from one prison to another, and were killed during an attempt at rescue. President Huerta's enemies, on the other hand, declared that the two men had been deliberately murdered.

This incident is of international importance only because the United States Government made it a pretext for refusing to recognize the Presidency of General Huerta. His administration appeared to be strong, and he met with that support throughout the country which the Mexicans, so far as one can judge, are prepared to give to an autocrat rather than to a constitutional ruler. So satisfactory, indeed, was his administration that it was officially recognized by Great Britain in May, 1913; by Germany in the following month, and subsequently by other European Powers. In spite of this recognition from Europe, and even from Japan, the United States persisted in refusing to treat with President Huerta.

There was a rising in a southern province of Mexico under a notorious brigand who styles himself "General" Zapata; and in the north under a professional soldier, General Carranza, and a professional brigand who now calls himself "General" Villa. All these chiefs opposed a continual resistance to the Huerta Government. To the openly expressed surprise of European statesmen, the United States Government publicly supported the northern revolutionaries and allowed them to import large quantities of arms and ammunition across the Texan border. The armies of President Huerta—who, let it be emphasized, was admitted by his own country and by the most important Powers in Europe and Asia to be the official head of Mexico—could easily have dealt with the rebels in the north if it had not been for the fact that the United States Government, in defiance of all international law and custom, was extending its aid to Carranza and Villa. The rebels were, in consequence, able to make fair progress; and, after scenes of horror and devastation, which appear to have been paralleled in modern times only in the Balkan War, they succeeded in capturing the important towns of Torreón, San Luis Potosí, and Tampico, thus making themselves practically masters of the northern Mexican States of Sonora, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Zacatecas.

With the progress of the rebels trade gradually came to a standstill, and two or three Mexican banks had to suspend payment. It is generally recognized and admitted even at Washington that the revolt could be speedily brought to an end by the United States recognizing General Huerta as President and refusing to allow the revolutionaries to be supplied with further quantities of arms and ammunition. Dr. Wilson, however, has insisted that his policy is one of "watching and waiting"—a phrase which, for its sheer futility, is likely to become historic. Mr. W. J. Bryan, the American Secretary of State, has likewise refused to admit that the Washington Government should recognize President Huerta. The situation was not greatly altered until the troops of Carranza and Villa, who had hitherto contented themselves with murdering and torturing Mexican men, women, and children, murdered a Scotsman named Benton on or about February 17th. Mr. Benton was a British subject, and his death was followed by the murder of other Europeans; but, in spite of the strong protest made to Washington, the United States refused to take any more drastic measure than

that of renewing its embargo—never a very strict one—on the supply of war material to the rebels. As the insurgent army had by that time as many rifles and as much ammunition as it wanted, this ineffective action made no difference to its plans.

When the rebels had made such progress that even the capital seemed to be threatened, the Americans at last bestirred themselves, but their intervention was, to say the least, of a curious nature. Dr. Wilson had for months past been urging that President Huerta, although he had been approved by the country and by Europe, should "eliminate" himself, which the President very naturally declined to do. The United States warships were, therefore, ordered to Vera Cruz, with a view to bringing pressure to bear, not upon the rebels, but upon the official Administration. Vera Cruz was shelled and captured; and it was officially stated that the United States "might" have to send a force to the capital and depose President Huerta to preserve order. The blockade of Vera Cruz was described as a "pacific blockade," an expression which, we are told, is used in international maritime law to describe a blockade exercised by a Great Power for the purpose of bringing pressure to bear on a weaker State without actual war.[2] In spite of the fact that blood has actually been shed between the two countries, the American Government holds that an actual state of war does not exist between America and Mexico.

Even if the Monroe Doctrine be stretched to its widest possible interpretation, the action of the United States in supporting the Mexican rebels and in bringing pressure to bear upon the recognized Government of the country cannot possibly be justified. If it be admitted—which England never actually admitted, and Bismarck positively refused to admit—that it is the task of the United States to maintain order in Mexico, or in any other Latin American Republic, in order that European nations might have no excuse for interfering, it is still difficult to characterize in mild language the apathy of the United States Government in refusing to intervene in Mexico in time to obviate the murder of several European subjects, and to prevent the chaotic dislocation of trade that followed the revolt in the north. Since neither law nor a policy of opportunism can explain this attitude, we are driven for an explanation to the attacks of American newspapers on the British and other European interests which have obtained economic concessions in Mexico. Put briefly, the American account is this. It is alleged that President Diaz, towards the end of his term of office, unduly favored European interest at the expense of American, and that the Mexican people —particularly the working classes— who were being exploited by the foreign financiers and manufacturers, became at last so exasperated by their treatment that Diaz was driven from office and Madero installed. It is further maintained that Madero, being willing to grant concessions to America in return for the support they had given him, met with determined hostility from European and particularly British interests. It was these interests, the Americans allege, and perhaps believe, that promoted the rising against Madero, and set up Huerta in his stead; and it is suggested that Huerta has shown a disposition to favor British commercial interests. In consequence, we are told that America can best retaliate by refusing to recognize Huerta (because he caused himself to be made President by "unconstitutional" means) and by sup-

[2] See an interesting article in "The Daily Telegraph" of April 25th, 1914.

porting the so-called Constitutionalists under Carranza.

This is but a summary of the less absurd statements which have appeared from time to time in practically every American newspaper of importance since last November. A reference to Mr. MacHugh's article will, from the political point of view, provide a very adequate reply.

It is well known that the Mexicans dislike the Americans. In 1846 the latter secured the possession of Texas by supporting a revolt there, acknowledging the independence of the alleged Republic which was set up, and subsequently annexing the State. The Mexicans not unnaturally suspect that Dr. Wilson and his supporters intend to seize a further large slice of Mexican territory by supporting the revolutionaries in the north, acknowledging the independence of a possible republic in Chihuahua and Sonora, and subsequently including this territory within the boundaries of the United States.

Further, before the United States had any spare cash to lend to the south, British, French, German, and Spanish interests played the principal part in developing the Republic of Mexico under President Diaz. The amount of British capital invested in Mexico is put officially at £160,000,000, and this is probably an underestimate. French interests are put at about the same figure; and, although there is now a considerable amount of American money invested in commercial concerns in Mexico—chiefly oil refineries—the Mexicans have always preferred to turn to Europe for their State loans.

When we mention oil, we come, perhaps, to the most delicate aspect of the whole question, but the only aspect which will adequately explain it. There are, so far as can be ascertained, about one hundred and fifty oil companies in Mexico. Of these about one hundred are American, and twenty English. One American company (the Standard Oil Trust) and one English company (the Mexican Eagle) control between them, it is said, from seventy to seventy-five per cent of the total Mexican oil output. Mexican railway stock is, however, largely owned in England, and Mexican banking stock is largely owned in England and France. Although, therefore, the actual amount of the American capital invested in Mexico is larger than the amount of English capital, England is still the predominant foreign power, politically and economically, in Mexico. To speak frankly, though it is seven years since I travelled through the country, I do not doubt for a moment that the American commercial and financial interests are endeavoring by unfair means to oust the long-established English interests in Mexico. Chihuahua, which contains innumerable unexploited silver mines, and Sonora, which is soaked in oil like a vast sponge, are States likely to excite the cupidity of a nation which wishes to expand and has never shown many scruples about its methods of expansion. In addition, the proximate opening of the Panama Canal renders it politically, economically, and strategically desirable that the United States should have a strong position in Central America. That is the preliminary step to the waging of a great trade battle. In last month's issue of this Review I was able to refer to the attempt made by the Washington Government to get the better of us in the matter of the Panama tolls by placing a disingenuous interpretation on the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. In the face of these facts it is difficult to see what justification some writers and speakers have for saying at considerable length the England and the United States must stand shoulder to shoulder for the sake of the world's peace. The future great commercial battles of the

world will be fought between the United States and this country, and where economics lead politics nowadays necessarily follow.

If the rebels do finally manage to reach the Mexican capital and succeed in "eliminating" the Huerta *régime*, by shooting, as they have threatened to do, everyone connected with it, to whom are we to look for the protection of foreigners and their interests? Up to the present, the few hundred European subjects who have escaped from Mexico City were able to do so only through the efforts of the British Minister, Sir Lionel Carden, whose generous assistance even Americans have had to acknowledge. It cannot be expected that we are to look to the American Army to protect the lives and property of the thousands of foreigners who still remain in various parts of Mexico. The military experts agree in saying that a march to Mexico City would be a relatively easy matter, but that guerilla warfare would probably continue for three or four years. When the previous war broke out in 1846, the internal condition of Mexico was very much like what it is at present. There were two or three claimants to the Presidency, each with a numerous following, and the official army could not be relied upon from week to week. In spite of this, it took General Scott nearly six months—from March 29th until September 14th, 1847—to fight his way from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. It is true that there are now railways where there were none then; but, while the despatches are contradictory, there would seem to be little doubt that President Huerta's troops can destroy a sufficient number of bridges as they retreat to render the lines useless.

Again, the United States Government has had to face a serious military problem. The Army authorities, while naturally guarded in their remarks, cannot promise to put more than forty or fifty thousand regular soldiers in the field; and a struggle with Mexico would hardly be popular enough to bring, say, three times that number of volunteers to the colors to carry on a tiring guerilla warfare. In the circumstances, the American Government has chosen the only possible alternative, viz., that of seeking to come to an agreement with the rebels. Promises of support were held out to General Carranza if he could succeed in "eliminating" President Huerta. Whether Carranza was too patriotic to agree to this suggestion, or could not rely on his men, we do not know. The most recent announcement is to the effect that General Carranza is, for the time being, "under arrest" and in charge of General Villa. It is, in consequence, to General Villa that the Americans are turning for aid in their campaign against President Huerta, and in order to help him the embargo on the importation of rifles was temporarily raised early in February. The result of this step may be seen from a cable sent by the New York correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* and published on February 5th. The correspondent stated that shipments of rifles had at once commenced, and that there was "every indication of a pretty brisk trade." He went on to quote the following extraordinary message sent by Villa, who was then at Juarez, to a New York paper:

"The raising of the embargo on arms by President Wilson was an act of justice. As a result the revolution in Mexico will be over in three months. Being now in a position to procure arms and ammunition to place in the hands of my soldiers, I shall have no trouble in getting together an army that will overwhelm the forces of the usurper. I fully appreciate what the American Government has done for my country by President Wil-

son's action to-day, and that action has done much to establish a bond of friendship between the Mexican people and the people of the United States, which, on my part, I appreciate to the fullest extent, and hope to be able to give abundant evidence of my appreciation in a material way in the very near future. The next step after the overthrow of Huerta will be the establishment by the Constitutionalists of a constitutional form of government in Mexico, so that President Wilson may no longer be able to say that there is no constitutional government in Mexico."

In the event of a rebel success, therefore, it is to the tender mercies of Villa that we are to look for protection. From various articles which have appeared in the English and American Press the character of this man may be estimated, and the estimate will not be particularly favorable to this *protégé* of American civilization. Villa began his career of crime at the age of fourteen, when he was imprisoned for cattle-stealing. This was about 1882. He had hardly been discharged when he was again sentenced, this time for homicide. Freed for the second time, Villa organized a band of robbers in the State of Durango; and the story of his life from the late 'eighties to the present time would be little more than a recital of cold-blooded murders, thefts, torturings, and atrocities of an even worse description.

It is customary for the defenders of Dr. Wilson's policy to admit these facts, and to try to extenuate them by pointing out that Mexico is hardly entitled to be called a civilized country, and that President Huerta's own career has not been stainless. The excuse will not hold; there are degrees even in criminality. No more serious accusations have been made against President Huerta than that he was not particularly careful to see how his prisoners of war were treated, and that he arranged or connived at the murder of ex-President Madero and Vice-President Suarez. No more serious accusation can be made against Dr. Wilson than that he has supported Villa against General Huerta. By the side of Villa, who is proud of being a brigand, President Huerta, who is a soldier by profession and has never been anything else, is easily a man of the highest moral virtue.

That the authorities at Washington, with all these facts in their possession, should openly support Villa as they have done will surprise the historian who omits to take into consideration the enormous commercial interests involved, and, above all, who forgets that the Democratic party is as much at the mercy of capitalists and financial influence as the Republican party. Great financiers have openly admitted —they said so even before a Government Board of Inquiry—that it is their habit to "bribe both parties" at election times so as to make sure of getting what they want. To such people as these, the moral character of Villa matters not at all. The one question asked about him is: Will he carry out in Mexico the orders he receives from Washington? If so, let him be supported. The time has come, no doubt, when the United States Government feels that it is as necessary for it to interfere in Mexico as in Colombia. In November, 1913, let us recall, Lord Murray was compelled to withdraw the Pearson petroleum contract from discussion by the Colombian Congress. He had to take this course, said a cable from Bogotá dated November 26th, owing to the political feeling that had been engendered by his negotiations. Too little emphasis has hitherto been laid on the fact that the negotiations in question had been completely successful until the American Government, at the instance of Amer-

ican oil interests, interfered, with the object of preventing the contract from being ratified. An American official, Mr. Du Bois, was sent to Bogotá early in 1913 with the definite object, it would seem, of preventing the negotiations between Lord Murray and the Colombian Government from reaching a satisfactory conclusion. One large contract, indeed, was actually rejected in September as the result of American interference, but a second contract was approved by a special Colombian Senate Commission of Inquiry, and would have been definitely passed had it not been for the action of the United States Government.

A very valuable oil concession was thus lost to the English Admiralty, for, of course, oil will be wanted in future very largely for naval purposes. It is in case we should aim at making up in Mexico for what we have lost in Colombia that the United States Government is now supporting General Villa. Its control of the Mexican Government, added to its already established control of the Governments of Nicaragua and Colombia, together with its virtual protectorate over Panama, will enable the United States practically to control the entire oil supplies of the American continent. What this means in connection with the opening of the Panama Canal and the development of Central and South American trade has been adequately discussed by Mr. Maurice Low in an article contributed to the *Morning Post* of January 10th, 1914.

So far as we can judge from its actions, the British Government has neglected many important aspects of the present situation in Mexico. If, in the light of the facts set forth above, our vast commercial interests can bring the necessary pressure to bear, it will, no doubt, still be possible to take adequate measures for the protection of our Mexican investments.

J. M. Kennedy.

The Fortnightly Review.

SKETCHED IN WAR TIME.

By a Woman Red Cross Surgeon.

GENESIS AND EXODUS.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! and the porter's voice, "Is that you, Doctor? Wanted on the telephone in the 'All, please!'" Downstairs I ran, wondering which of the chiefs was ringing up the House Physician. Or was it, perhaps, an outside practitioner wishing to get a case taken into the Hospital? And if so, where could I possibly find a corner to receive it? Well——

"Hallo, is that you, Three? Will you go to the War?"

I almost dropped the receiver! "To the WHAT?" I said.

"To the War—the Balkan War! You know Two is going with the 'Women's Convoy Corps,' to work under the Bulgarian Red Cross, and she is asked to bring two other medical officers with her to run a hospital of fifty beds; so she has asked One, and One is going, and she wants to know if you will be the third?"

"Oh," I said, "I would simply love to go, but how can I leave here? It is impossible!"

"Well, think it over, and make sure whether it really is impossible, and ring me up again."

And, after recovering a little breath, I thought it over; and then I talked it over with my chiefs and colleagues, and with their aid was able to obtain from the Hospital authorities leave of absence for three months; so I "rang up again," and, after two strenuous days, with much noble help from my

friends and relations, preparations were made, an outfit warranted to withstand a Siberian winter was begged, borrowed, and—bought at a universal provider's, I joined One and Two at Victoria, and away we went with the corps of nurses, cooks, and general helpers, in a shower of good wishes and parting gifts—off to the War.

THE BIRTH OF A HOSPITAL.

Two Turkish houses on opposite sides of a narrow lane in Kirk Kilisse, containing between them twelve rooms, one kitchen, a scullery, a tiny wash-house, and two dark cupboards. Not exactly one's idea of a hospital, but, as we all said hundreds of times a-day, "*A la guerre comme à la guerre!*" and we set to work to unpack the stores. The short November day was over long before the cases were all opened; but on we had to go by the light of one candle, while by the light of a second three of the nurses went on sewing mattress-sacks, to be filled later with straw. Out of the boxes came drugs, kitchen utensils, dressings, tinned meats, general necessaries, one after the other, in what seemed an endless nightmare procession of bottles, pills, pots and pans, sheets and pillow-cases, tins of bully beef, tins of chocolate-powder, and bottles of chloroform. At last we called a halt, and went to our third empty house down the next street, where we found the little iron beds unfolded, and an empty sack laid on each. Two carts of straw then arrived, and every woman seized her sack and went out to the carts to have it filled with a full measure, pressed down. Then our kind interpreters carried up the sacks, we fastened up the openings, and our beds were ready to receive us. But *we* were not yet ready: out again we went, this time to a Greek restaurant for a much-needed supper, then back again to the hospital and the candle and the packing-cases; but eventually we laid ourselves down on our straw-filled sacks, enormously thankful to be each in a bed, and not sharing with another the narrow shelter of an ox-cart, which had been our portion for six preceding nights.

In a moment it was to-morrow morning, and we struggled to awake. Fetching water from the well and washing in a bucket was enough to drive the last remnants of sleep away, and after a cup of tea at the Casino in the town, and some biscuits from our private stores, we once more tackled the unpacking, until Mr. Noel Buxton, of the Balkan Relief Committee, came and took us round the town, first to the Censor's and the Post and Telegraph Office, so that we might cable home news of our arrival, and then to the First Base Hospital, the Director of which was to feed our little hospital with patients. What a crowd in the street! All wounded, waiting to be dressed. And on the Hospital steps more wounded, and inside in the entrance-hall wounded, wounded, wounded on every inch of floor, sitting, lying, leaning against the walls, crowding on the staircase, all awaiting the moment that was so long in coming, when it should at last be their turn to enter the dressing-room. It was in the dressing-room that we found the Chief directing his band of more or less skilled workers, who were slaving at the dressings with desperate energy, knowing what hundreds yet remained to be dealt with, in spite of the hours they had already worked that morning. As representing a new, though small, Mission in the over-burdened town, we were welcomed with much warmth by the Director, and were immediately asked, "Are you ready for patients?" Remembering the work of a little gang of reservists whom we had left making lakes and seas in our houses in their

efforts after cleanliness, we said, "Well, the floors are not yet dry." But that was a mere trifle in war time! A wet floor with a bed upon it is a haven of bliss to a wounded man who has been lying in the hospital entrance with a fractured thigh. We went straight back to receive our first patients, our Out-patient Department was opened at eight the next morning, and the Hospital of the Women's Sick and Wounded Convoy Corps was an established fact.

OUT-PATIENTS.

Half-past seven in the dark November mornings, and already as we came over to the Hospital to breakfast, we would see the entrance-hall filled, the steps crowded, and a queue stretching half-way down the street—the out-patients waiting their turn to be dressed. A hasty breakfast, and then, as soon as hot water was obtainable, up went our sleeves, on went our rubber gloves, and the doors were opened. Six patients was all we could accommodate in one time in our out-patient room—four could sit on the two store-boxes of dressings, two could occupy empty packing-cases, while two remaining packing-cases served as leg-rests. Three quaint-looking tables, also made of packing-cases, completed the furniture of the Department. It was not beautiful, it was far from clean, the black tin stove scorched us one minute and was ashy and cold the next, ventilation was carried on by means of an absent window-pane—but we grew to love our bare little Dispensary, and many times we found a peaceful refuge within its ugly drab walls, and smoked a refreshing cigarette when work was at last over for the night, and we could (probably) rest until to-morrow. At that time every hospital in Kirk Kilisse was overfull, and usually the method of deciding whether a man should be an in- or an out-patient was to ask, "Can he walk?" If not, he came in, but if he could walk, and if an operation under an anæsthetic were not necessary, he found shelter in one of the many empty houses, and came to us every day to be dressed. Patients arrived from the front who had been wounded fifteen days before, and had been dressed once or twice since, usually four or five days ago, sometimes seven or nine days. And some of them had, in those first crowded days, only the street for a home. Nevertheless the soldiers were cheery on the whole, and we were soon on very friendly terms, as gradually they learned that we did not hurt them for our pleasure but for some good reason, even when we used that much-dreaded instrument the probe. "Haide, Dóktorké, come, lady doctor, don't use that wicked needle again to-day, it was only yesterday you put her in; you might wait till to-morrow, there isn't anything in that wound I know quite well. OW! ! Stop, Dóktorké, there *isn't* anything there, I tell you—OW! ! !—What? A piece of bone? Now, how did you know it was there? Sister, how *can* she tell?"

Of course it was a great surprise to the men to be treated by us; none of them had ever seen a woman doctor, and most of them had no idea of the existence of such strange beings, but they soon grew accustomed to the idea, and even seemed to enjoy the distinction, judging by the numbers of their friends who were brought in to see us. Still, it was certainly a shock to a Bulgarian peasant to have to entrust himself and his wounds to a woman! A new patient was overheard one day inquiring of his neighbor in an anxious whisper, "Can she really do the dressings?" His neighbor happened to be a particular friend of mine, with whom I had almost daily battles, so with much fervor he responded, "Can she do dressings? You

just wait till she takes the knife! You'll see what she can do! Oh, to think how they slaughter us, and they women, too! Maika mi, oh my mother, here she is, coming to me. Now, Dóktorké," in soft and wheedling tones, "it is only one foot to-day; you know you did them both yesterday, and you promised it should be only one to-day, haide!" And, when a Bulgarian says "Haide" in such gentle coaxing accents, it is hard indeed to refuse him anything; but as this particular Bulgarian told me regularly every morning that it was "only one foot to-day, Dóktorké," I just had to harden my heart Pharaohically and not let him go without his dressing.

Poor men, all their wounds were septic, and many of the dressings were ordeals both for them and for us, terrible compound fractures with two or three gaping wounds; but they healed up in a manner that seemed to us little short of marvellous, knowing as we did the difficulty of attaining real cleanliness in the treatment. The Bulgarians are a hardy race of men, who lead temperate, clean lives, and this, combined with the patience and cheerfulness which were very usually seen among them, helped them greatly towards a quick recovery. They certainly needed every help, for their injuries were ghastly. The only clean wounds in our hospital were those we made ourselves in extracting bullets, and it was quite a surprise to us at first to find that even these wounds remained clean, considering the condition of the room in which we cut down upon the little leaden balls or the pointed mausers. It was always a matter of deep interest to the whole department when a bullet was to be taken out; every patient who could possibly manage it got into some position of vantage, and every neck was craned to see the knife go in and the bullet come out. And the excitement that followed! The eager question, "Is it a Turk or a Bulgarian?" And the relief when it was "a Turk!" We extracted several Bulgarian bullets from the men of one regiment, for two detachments of one division fired on one another in a morning mist, each mistaking the opposing force for Turks. Most fortuntely the mist rose before they arrived at the "Advance with —*knives!*" or very few would have arrived at Kirk Kilisse. Bayonet wounds were usually fatal: almost all the wounded in the Base Hospitals had been struck by bullets or shrapnel balls, or by granats, the shells which burst and bury their jagged fragments in any object that stands in their violent onward way. We had only two men with bayonet wounds. Of these, one was hurt while preventing a comrade from committing suicide, and the other was wounded by a Turk hidden in some bushes by the roadside—not on the battlefield at all!

Some poor fellows arrived, bruised all over by the earth and stones hurled upon them by the explosion of a granat in the ground. We went one day to inspect one of the latest big guns, invited thereto by its devout lover, the officer in charge, and then we saw some of the "beautiful new shells," as he enthusiastically described them, long, shining brass cylinders for the explosive, and a painted iron shell beyond—shells which, after travelling five miles and more, would drive their pointed noses three yards deep into the ground and there burst with horrible consequences. But the young officer was not blind in his adoration of his "beautiful new shells,"—he quite realized the other side of the picture. "Ah, mademoiselle," he said, "it is you doctors who see the underside of war. We others at the front, we fire our guns, and we rejoice to find our aim is exact, and even when there is an assault and our own men fall beside

us—well, what of that? A man has fallen, that is all, and we go on in the excitement of the battle; but for you it is different, you who see that same man afterwards, and work day after day, perhaps, at some awful wound." It was true, of course, but, as we told him, the underside is not all darkness and sorrow. What of the joy of hearing a man speak for the first time after seeing him lying voiceless and motionless for days, dumb and paralyzed by a bullet that has split his skull and injured his brain? And what of the pleasure of seeing a man start off for home calling down blessings on the doctors because he is leaving the hospital with two arms, not, as he had feared, with only one arm and a stump? "And can the Doctors not travel home to England through my village? Many turkeys have I, and I will give them of the best! And as soon as I get home, surely my wife and all ten children shall come with me, and we will go to church, and there each burn a candle in thanksgiving for my arm." Yes, there were rewards for the workers on the underside, and certainly the Bulgarian soldiers, both in the wards and the dressing-room, were very grateful patients. It was the rarest thing for a man to leave when his dressing was finished without a "good-bye, and thank you, doctor," and when the time came for the final good-bye, as we saw them off to Bulgaria, how our hands were wrung, kissed too, in their gentle, respectful fashion, while the soft Bulgarian voices told all the thanks and gratitude they poured upon us.

The out-patient dressing-room was not always filled with groans, often the walls echoed to hilarious laughter. The men were always ready to make fun of themselves and of each other. "Now, Kamen, come on, it's your turn, sit up and be a man; what is there to make such a fuss about, it's only a dressing, Haide, come along!" and Kamen would come along on his crutches, looking very sheepish, and would sit down in the least conspicuous place, trying hard to escape notice; and when the evil moment could no longer be deferred, making his unfailing attempt to deceive me into leaving one foot untouched "for to-morrow, Dóktorké," while all the patients in the dressing-room waited to see who would win, Kamen or I, and laughed him to scorn with genial friendliness as, sadly submitting once again, he slowly yielded his second foot to its fate.

And Philip, a Macedonian (of course), a boy of nineteen, in the volunteers, who always cried beforehand, exactly like Alice's White Queen, and always laughed while his really painful dressing was being done! Another who always laughed was The Bad Boy, the "Loscher momtche," whose arm took so long to heal because he would not take chloroform and have it thoroughly treated at once. Being an out-patient he easily defeated our plans for an anæsthetic, by simply arriving to be dressed after partaking of a hearty meal! He came day after day from his lodging in the town, where his father and mother were staying with him; time and expense were no object to the Momtche, and he seemed not to mind the pain of the daily dressing; he laughed at everything but caustic, and at last his wound was ready for the journey home, if it could be accomplished in any degree of comfort. "Oh, no difficulty about that," he said, and he and his parents set off to travel northwards by easy stages in their own carriage! We often had surprises at first when we learned the private circumstances of our patients, but we soon grew accustomed to finding students, lawyers, actors, merchants, professors, side by side with shepherds and farm laborers; and the effect of conscription as we saw it

seemed to be to promote friendly feeling between the different classes.

One more bright spot in the out-patient room comes into my mind—Vilitchko, the cheerful philosopher, who had suffered the loss of one finger with thankfulness, "because, you know, Dóktorké, it might have been two!" Before leaving, he came in to get a certificate of his amputation, and said, "Now I am going home, home to my wife and my two children—I shall feel as if new-born!" Asked what were the names of his children, he said, "The Momtche is Ivan, and the Momitche, the girl, is——?" He rubbed his head in perplexity—"the Momitche is——, Dóktorké, the name I know it well, but only I cannot remember it!" "Oh, Vilitchko," we said, "to forget the name of thy daughter! Alas, what a father!" "Well," he smiled apologetically, "you see she is but little, and I have been away from her three months!"

THE HOSTS OF THE WOUNDED.

A hospital of fifty beds was what we had expected, and fifty was the number of patients for which we were prepared and provided; but we soon found that, although fifty beds was all we had, and, moreover, was all we could have, for by no manner of means could more be obtained in Kirk Kilisse, yet the number of our patients continued to increase by leaps and bounds long after every bed was filled.

The provision of cubic feet per patient would have horrified any Inspector for King Edward's Hospital Fund, but what could one do? Day by day, in hundreds by the train, in dozens and fifties by the slow-going ox-carts, the wounded were brought to the town in a seemingly never-ending stream, and were they to be left in the muddy streets? *A la guerre comme à la guerre!* First, we laid mattresses on the floors of the wide corridors of our Turkish houses, until there was only just sufficient space left for us to pass between the "beds" and enter the adjoining wards; secondly, we cleared two windowless closets of the many bundles of patients' clothing stored there, and in each put five mattresses; thirdly, we annexed two other empty houses down the street and sent the most able-bodied patients to live in them, and then we looked around us and found that our "Hospital of 50 beds" contained 90 patients! There were out-patients also coming every day to be dressed, and, during the five weeks the Women's Convoy Corps Hospital was open, more than 700 patients were under our care. Poor things! The state they were in when they arrived! They had had no chance of a bath for months, no good wash for weeks, and for days they had travelled in ox-carts and train with the mud and *débris* of the battlefield still upon them; a hasty field-dressing had been put upon their wounds before they started on their journey—and almost invariably they reached our door at nine o'clock at night! We would be sitting on the packing-cases in the Dispensary, crowding round the feeble light of the one small oil-lamp on the uneven table, chatting, or trying to finish our letters home, thinking our work was at last over for to-day, when an orderly would appear at the door—"Oh, Doctors, new wounded are here!" and away would fly our thoughts and hopes of bed as we went into the dimly lighted entrance-hall to receive ten or a dozen or twenty new cases, and then to see where they could sleep, and who could be turned out at this late hour to go and sleep in one of the other houses down the street. Latterly most of the new arrivals needed warmth and rest more immediately than dressings or drugs, and, after tea or soup and a hunk of brown bread, they would curl up on

their sacks of straw, in the unwonted luxury of clean dry blankets, and would sleep the sleep of the dog-weary. The severely wounded, the "gravement blessés" of our first weeks, could not be left thus unwashed; but later, when the new cases were chiefly medical, many a one slept through his first night in a condition calculated to raise the hair of every junior "pro" at home! We often wondered what our old hospitals would say if they could see the shifts and expedients to which we were driven. The splints we used in those first days! Lengths of wood sawn off from old packing-cases, nailed together or tied with string, with a layer of tow for padding, roughly kept in place by one or two turns of a bandage! Pieces of cardboard were found to be very convenient for fractured fingers, and we even used with great success the corrugated paper that had covered a bottle of disinfectant! Later, our stores were augmented from the Central Depôt of the Red Cross, but in the beginning, not even the Lieutenant, a convalescent wounded officer attached to our Mission as general aide, the person to whom every one applied in a difficulty, and who responded to all demands for supplies varying from firewood and butcher meat to hypodermic syringes—not even he knew just at first where splinting could be obtained, except from the packing-cases lying in the back garden.

After Christmas, working in a Bulgarian hospital, we dealt for some time mainly with medical cases: typhoid, pneumonia, dysentery, and rheumatism filled the wards; but when the second war began and we worked once more, as in the days before the armistice, with the boom of cannon sounding in our ears across the plain from Adrianople, we foresaw the time when the hospitals would again be filled with wounded. As we walked along the road to the town we could feel the ground trembling from the shock of the artillery fire, and in the narrow old streets of Kirk Kilisse the windows would rattle as the houses shook. After the first shot, whose sound reached us at nine o'clock on the evening of January 21st, we heard each day the muttering thunder of the bombardment, and, when we were awake in the night, Boom, bóom! it sounded louder and more clearly through the stillness of the dark. Early in March the firing seemed to be growing ever more persistent; rumor began to whisper here and there that an attack on Adrianople was to be made from the eastern side, and men looked grave as they counted the cost of such an attack, an advance across five kilometres of open plain to the continuous chain of forts encircling the city. Could it be done?

On the 12th of March wild stories were heard on all sides: the Turkish commander had surrendered the city! —the Bulgarians had attacked and had been repulsed with heavy losses!—there had been a great battle and Shukri Pasha with his defeated army was flying in disorder to the south-west!—but the continued booming of the guns told beyond all doubt that as yet neither side had gained a decisive victory. Next morning, March 13th, we heard "the eastern forts are taken, and the Bulgarians are advancing on the town," and at midday we realized that we were living in a strangely quiet world—the guns were silent! That evening came the news that the Bulgarians had captured the "impregnable fortress," that the town, which was stated by a military authority to be capable of resisting for three years the greatest European force that could be brought against it, had been taken by assault from the eastern side, and was occupied by Ivanoff and his army. Our little town went mad for a few hours

—guns, revolvers, and rockets kept up a continuous crackling all around; and in the town itself the streets and cafés were filled with enthusiastic crowds, cheering and laughing, congratulating each other again and again; and finally, "to the station," said some one, and down the hill swarmed the people, through the narrow streets and lanes, to the railway station, where stood the royal train in which the Tsaritsa was living at that time. It was late, and her Majesty had already retired, but on the arrival of the crowds, cheering, singing, laughing, cheering again, she came to the open window of her car, smiling with gracious kindness, to receive the loyal congratulations voiced so heartily by her subjects in Kirk Kilisse; and not by her subjects only, for a small figure in a dark-blue uniform with scarlet sash extricated itself from the crowd and stood for an instant alone on the guarded space beside the train. "Congratulations, Madam, from the English women doctors!" Bravo, One! The Queen heard the clear tones above the surrounding clamor, and looked down with a kindly recognition and a word of thanks in English, as One was swept away again in the surging crowd.

After the rejoicings, the laughter, the crowds, the fireworks, and the searchlights which played gaily on the countryside from the heights of Adrianople, after all this tumult of congratulation, we knew well what must follow. We had met the Chief Inspector of Hospitals that afternoon, and he had said: "Mademoiselle, 700 wounded will arrive to-night or to-morrow morning; that is the beginning." Yes, the hosts of the wounded were upon us once more, and our part of the fight began. The fourth Etapna, a hospital of two divisions, each with 150 beds, suddenly had its numbers increased to 500. It was the November crowds over again, but this time we had no empty houses near to act as convenient safety-valves, and at last our wards looked as if they would burst if a single other patient were put into them. The lofts were filled with patients, mattresses were all over the floors, there was just room to walk "delicately" down the middle of the wards, and the beds were as close together as might be, a few inches of space being left after each two beds, so that a slender person could squeeze gingerly in at one side of every patient. And the dressings! We began after our 7.30 breakfast, and we worked till they were finished, and by that time we would have seen a new company arriving, another hundred or so to be passed in review and sorted into "serious" and "light," and then, if possible, to be washed and cleanly clad before we started on the dressing of their wounds.

Among the ranks of the wounded arrived one afternoon a stricken man, who tottered as he walked. "What is it?" asked a bystander. "A wound in the leg?" He coughed in reply, and then said, "No, Dóktorké, five days' illness in the chest." He had had acute pneumonia for those five days, and now arrived after twelve hours' journey in a troop train and by ox-cart. He stayed with us only a day and a half, and then his body was carried down to the little dead-house in the fields. But Sister was comforted, because he died holding on to her warm friendly hand, and before he fell into his last sleep he had told her, "Oh, Sestra, it is *very* comfortable here in your hospital. It was not so down there where I was before, but here one can be at rest."

The wounds this time were less severe than those we had seen in the first war. The medical arrangements at the front were improved, and there were more dressing-stations on the

way to the base, so that no wound had been left for more than two days without a dressing. But while the men were still arriving from Adrianople, hundreds more came into the town from the other side, wounded in the costly successful attack on Tchataldja. The Turks were driven back on to their next lines, but the fire from the forts in front, and at the same time from the battleships in the seas on either flank of the Bulgarian position, caused fearful losses in killed and wounded. One regiment of 5000, we were told, had only a few hundred left after the fight.

We live in a kaleidoscopic whirl, for the numbers arriving were so great that we had to send on as soon as possible all cases who could go with safety to live in the "Old Barracks," a mass of buildings where eleven or twelve hundred convalescents could be crowded together to await discharge to their homes or return to their regiments. "The Station of the Sanitary Inspection" was its polite designation, but in common parlance it was the "Punkt," and many were the pretexts and devices resorted to in order to escape its crowded unpleasantness. "Walk? Oh no, doctors, I can't go a step without crutches, and even then what pain it gives me you cannot indeed tell by merely looking at me—no, nor yet by feeling the joint. Ah, truly, it is not swollen now, but if you had seen it five weeks ago, I tell you that was a sight!" If, on the other hand, the magic words "for Bulgaria" were breathed, cripples stood up straight, halting men trod the floor gaily, and "pains at the belt" disappeared marvellously! One man was frankness itself, and said to a questioning colleague, "Well, if I'm going to Bulgaria, I am better; if I'm going to the Punkt, I'm *not!*" Who could have helped trying to escape the Punkt, with its dark old barrack-rooms, swarming with insect life, its beds in tiers, crowded together as closely as possible, the whole place dreary with the dirt and discomfort inevitable to such conditions? From time to time, if an energetic young officer were put in command, the Punkt looked less like the Augean Stables before the visit of Hercules; but energetic young officers had to go back to Tchataldja, and dust and dirt accumulated once more in the Old Barracks. We kept our sick men from its dangers and discomforts as long as possible, but after Adrianople the lightly wounded had to go in hundreds; still their lot was not a hard one, for it was springtime now, and they only had to stay a fortnight or three weeks at the most before the glad news came that trains were available to convey the sick and wounded to Bulgaria, and not long afterwards three of the five hospitals of Kirk Kilisse were closed, and at last the Punkt was restored to the state in which the Bulgarians found it, a deserted barrack. Long may it remain so—or rather, for the good of Kirk Kilisse, may it soon be destroyed by fire, as the only way of getting it thoroughly cleansed! At any rate it is a relief to think it no longer contains sick and wounded soldiers, for when its occupants went away in the welcome hospital trains, there was more than sufficient room in the remaining hospitals of Kirk Kilisse for the two hundred men who were left, the last of the wounded of the second war.

OUR ORDERLIES.

Our orderlies—"The Dogs!" What else could we call them? There they were, trotting after us all day long and sleeping outside our bedroom doors at night; of course, in less than two days they were The Dogs, and such they remain in our memories. Dontchou was just like a mastiff, a worthy solid man, president of his vil-

lage commune, and a shoemaker by trade in time of peace; and the other, Kostadin, what sort of a dog was he? A young bob-tailed sheep-dog, always getting into difficulties, and with a cheery wag of his tail (I mean, shake of his head) blundering out into safety; hanging his head, foolish and shamefaced, when discovered in a fault, but quickly recovering himself, and, with a happy smile all across his face, delivering the one and only unanswerable excuse for his misdeeds—as when, on being reproved by one of our Bulgarian friends for dashing into our room without knocking, he replied sweetly: "But what's the use of my knocking at the door when the Dóktorki don't know how to say 'Come in!'?" We knew just enough Bulgarian to understand the drift of his remark, and we waited in tense silence until he was out of the room, and then——! But we hastily learned how to say "Come in," and any future *contretemps* was avoided.

Kostadin was a never-failing source of amusement to us, and his ingenuity extended, fortunately for his Dóktorki, beyond the furnishing of excuses. During the Christmas holidays—ten days, when we were left without a hospital, as the Convoy Corps had gone home and the British Red Cross had not yet vacated the hospital which was afterwards to be ours—we lived in an empty house, guarded by the Dogs, and one day, the supply of wood having come to an end, Dontchou, as was usual in such emergencies, sat down and wrote a requisition order. One signed it in English (oh, One, I apologize, you signed it in "guid Scots"), Dontchou copied the signature in Bulgarian, and Kostadin set off to the commandant to have the order countersigned and to obtain the wood. At the commandant's office the answer came, "Five persons is too small a household to be thus supplied with wood. The order cannot be countersigned." Kostadin retired to consider the situation, took a short walk, and returned to the attack with "The English lady doctors say will you kindly write on the back of the order whether you cannot order wood for them or whether you do not wish to do it?" the answer to which utter fabrication was —three loads of wood; and that night we sat round the stove, warm once more, and happy. But not for several months did we hear from The Dogs how we got that wood!

Dontchou was a reservist, a respected man of means among his country neighbors—and in fact, dressed in the national costume of wadded waistcoat, quilted in an elegant pattern, red loin-cloth, baggy trousers, and zouave jacket of fine brown cloth, beautifully ornamented by Mrs. Dontchou with black braiding, he was positively impressive as he moved about our room in his sheepskin sandals, with his broad silver and turquoise chain stretching across his waistcoat, and the large seal at the end of it swaying as he walked. He was a faithful soul—"Der Treue," as one of our friends always called him—and I think he always felt we were in need of protection, perhaps because we were all three rather small people; certainly, he was always ready to rescue us from harm, known or unknown to be the danger! There was a sudden loud explosion under our window on Christmas Eve, and only after careful and stealthy scouting on the dark stairs was he reassured that no Turks were hidden, waiting to spring upon his innocent mistresses, but that there were gay folks abroad with pockets full of Christmas fireworks! At any unexpected sound he was instantly on the alert, and not once were we roused in the night without his knowledge; no nursing sister and no ward orderly could approach our door at any hour

without a challenge, "Who is it? What do you want with the Dóktorki?" heard from Dontchou's bed behind the curtain in the corridor. It was The Dogs who arranged this curtain in the corridor to form their sleeping apartment. When we arrived at the Fourth Etapna Hospital, and had chosen our rooms, we asked the quartermaster, "And where can Dontchou and Kostadin sleep?" but at once Dontchou himself answered the question: "We have put our beds here in the corridor, close by the doors of the Dóktorki. We must be near them day and night, for men are so heedless and foolish they might rush into the rooms at any moment!" And there the beds stayed in spite of efforts on the part of the hospital director to remove them on the score of untidiness. More than once an order was given to the two to take their beds up to the grenier, but each time they said: "The order is not from the Dóktorki. The commandant told us we belonged to the Dóktorki, and only them should we obey!" And they stayed, and the Dóktorki refused to have the beds removed from the corridor until the Fourth Etapna itself was moved away from Kirk Kilisse.

Poor Dontchou, he was faithful to us, but, alas! there were times when the attraction of the wine-shops proved too great for his resistance. We found it was useless to send him on errands to the town in the morning, for we never saw him again before evening; and once or twice he was so unfit to return at all that he had to wait till the next day, and we should then see a very heavy-eyed Dontchou going slowly about his work until his headache had worn off and he was again "Der Treue." We hope that in his village of Omana there may be no good red wine to tempt him from his work and to bring sorrow upon his wife Ivanka. Dontchou left us while we were still in Kirk Kilisse; he had been unsettled and homesick for some time, in spite of a holiday in January, and at last one day he came in twirling his cap uneasily in his hands, begging for another ten days' leave, because a letter had come to say his two sons, his beloved Ivantchu and Nikola, were ill, were even at the point of death, from chicken-pox! We let him go, we were becoming so anxious about his increasing habit of drinking that we were relieved to think of him away from the town with its little cafés at every corner; but he did not make a good start, for when Kostadin returned from seeing him off from the town, he said, with a shake of his head, "Ah, Dóktorki, Dontchou has been naughty again—he went away full, quite full. Vino, Dóktorki."

Kostadin had no love for wine, nor for tobacco (a far more wonderful thing in a Bulgarian), but he had his own little failing, and that was—Washerwomen! The Peratchke! From the first days of the Convoy Corps Hospital, Kostadin fell an easy prey to every Peratchka he met. With any other tradespeople we could rest assured that Kostadin in dealing with them would see to it that his Dóktorki got at least full value for their money, but if a Peratchka were in question we knew better than to trust him, he was as wax—or soap—in the hands of a washerwoman. Bootmakers stood no chance, their exorbitant prices were beaten down with a heavy hand, and they were told in plain and forceful speech that their work was of the poorest, and not worthy the acceptance of the great ones, that two levs and a half was indeed more than enough for such sewing—(bah! sewing did he call it?)—and how dare he think to receive more. The Censor, too, was a mere trifle in the eyes of Kostadin. "No," he said one day, "the Censor was not in his office when Kos-

tadin went, but Kostadin searched in the town and found him in the Casino, and said: 'Rise up, here are letters to stamp for the English lady doctors—come and do them! What? say you they should come themselves? How is such a thing possible? Look at the distance they are from the town, look at the work they do—operations yesterday, operations to-day, many and very great operations to-morrow; indeed they would never have time to carry their own letters to be stamped. And stamped they must be!'" And stamped they were, and we heard no more from the Censor of bringing them ourselves to his office.

But when the laundry was the matter in hand, Kostadin was but a broken reed; he stood sadly aside while we talked as best we could with the gay young Greek girls. He knew full well we did not approve of their wild demands, and although he always said to us (when the Peratchke were gone) that he had already told them they were asking far too much money, we took the information with a grain of salt. And how amusing it was to see the alacrity of Kostadin when the time came to take the laundry to the Peratchka or to bring the things back from her! If by chance, as often happened at that time, we all forgot the day of the week, Kostadin would surely on Mondays and Fridays gently jog our memories with his sweetest smile, and "Na Peratchkata, Dóktorkó?"—"To the washerwoman, O doctor?"

Only once was a Peratchka overcome by Kostadin, and that victory was not gained in the strength of The Dog! An officer was calling on us one day when Kostadin came into the room (after duly knocking!) and announced that the washerwoman refused to give him the laundry until she received more money for last week's washing. "How?" said the Lieutenant, "how, Kostadin? Thou a soldier, and darest to let a Peratchka refuse thee the clothes of the doctors? Hie thee again to her straightway, and say that if she give them not at that moment thou will fetch thy gun and with it sundry policemen. And, hark thee, if that shall fail, take thee a sack and in it put both the clothing of the doctors and the Peratchka herself, but dare not to return again without the clothes. Haide! Speed!" So Kostadin turned and sped, and the clothes were with us in a very short time, without the Peratchka!

When we were ordered from Kirk Kilisse to Usún Keupru, Kostadin's first thought was "What about a Peratchka?" And later on he assured us that though Usún Keupru was inhabited solely by Turks and Greeks, yet could the doctors live there quite well and in much comfort, because "Kostadin can count up to twenty in Greek, so Kostadin can settle the Peratchka." But, oh, poor Kostadin, the Peratchka at Usún Keupru was not as his former friends, the Greeks of Kirk Kilisse! From our point of view she was admirable, quick, punctual, clean, and not outrageous in her charges; but what were all these merits to Kostadin when he looked upon her hair and it was gray?

When we think of our cheerful sheep-dog now, we must always think of washerwomen, and of another little habit of his, an invariable response to all our commands and desires, "Segar, segar," "At once, at once," whatever we asked, and whether he were going to do it now, or to-morrow, or next week! I expect if we had said, "Kostadin, we want the moon," he would simply have said "Segar, segar, Dóktorki," and gone outside to pull his hair and consult with Dontchou how it could best be got out of the sky! No wonder we felt many regrets when we said good-bye to Kostadin in Sofia.

It was sad to think that nevermore should we hear his stealthy footsteps in the early morning hours, creeping in to light the stove and to bring the bath water, doing his best not to disturb any of us before all his preparations were made. And never more should we hear his heavy sighs as he strove to gather up in safety from the floor the rubber bath whose strings had long since given way. "Oh, loscha ligen!" "Oh, evil basin!" he used to murmur as the water splashed out of some unguarded corner.

And Kostadin was sad that we should go back to England without him; long ago he had begged us to keep him as our orderly in England after the war. "Oh, the wife? Yes, to be sure; but she could stay in Bulgaria two years with the children till Kostadin came back from Anglia. Oh yes, quite well it could be done!" But we did not agree, also the peace was not yet signed, so Kostadin had to go back to Tchataldja, perhaps to be orderly to some one else. Let us hope they will see as much of his quaintness and ingenuity as we did. If he wishes, Kostadin can look as foolish as a penguin and as dull as an oyster: the first time we saw him thus was when we went to the Commandant in Kirk Kilisse to arrange to keep him as our orderly, although he was a regular soldier and not an old reservist. Kostadin had no doubt in his own mind that he was going to stay. "The English lady doctors are as gods, if they but say so to the Commandant it will be done." But in spite of this he made up his mind to assist circumstances as far as possible, and when, after we had spoken with the Commandant, Kostadin was called in, we saw a rather slouching figure enter with its head down and a dull expression on its face! The Commandant gave him a long lecture on the care and obedience with which he and Dontchou were to serve us, and he concluded with a sharp reprimand on the deplorable condition of his sandals, and told him to see to it that he got new shoes at once. We looked at his feet and saw absolute rags upon them, veritable remains of sandals they were, fit perhaps for a beggar in the street, but hardly for an attendant on the "gods"! But we heard later on, "Of course Kostadin has boots, very good boots too, but would he put them on for the Commandant to see? Never! The Commandant would say, 'Lo, here is a strong young soldier, quite recovered from his wound, healthy and well, good clothes, strong boots—he must go back to Tchataldja and not stay here as orderly to the Dóktorki.' And Kostadin did not want to go back to Tchataldja, he wanted to stay with the Dóktorki, so he put on his torn old sandals just for the Commandant, and —ha, ha, ha!—he stays!"

E. J. Ramsbotham, M.B., B.S.
(Mrs. S. X. Pantcheva).

Blackwood's Magazine.

OUR ALTY.

By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell).

CHAPTER XVIII.

When John reached home he found Mrs. Fazackerly still in the living-room.

"Not gone to bed yet?" he asked in surprise.

"Nay," said she, "I couldn't abear to go to bed till you coom back. Eh, John, it's awful how you can be deceived in folks! Eh, ye'd never think! but 'tis my fault puttin' trust in them as don't deserve it."

"Has Jinny been up to her tricks again?" asked he good-humoredly, as he drew forward a chair and sat down. "Or is it Maggie this time?"

The delinquencies of the "lasses" were wont to form one of his mother's chief topics of conversation, and he now prepared himself to listen patiently to a long tirade on the subject as soon as the usual coughing-fit, induced by excitement, had subsided. While his mother gasped and choked and thumped her ample bosom, and rolled her eyes towards him with almost tragic appeal, he reflected within himself that it was just as well that the servants had proved particularly troublesome on this day—a day when Alty had been absent from the farm—since it would make the prospect of her taking up her abode there, permanently, the more welcome.

"'Tisn't Jinny," gasped Mrs. Fazackerly at last; "nor yet Maggie," she added after a considerable interval; "'tis soombry else—soombry as I've thought the world on. Eh, such tales! You'd never guess."

John stiffened, but said nothing. It was scarcely possible that the gossips had already penetrated to this inner sanctum where his mother sat imprisoned in her chair; he would not speak lest he himself should be the one to bring the tale to her. Her next words, however, left him no room for doubt.

"'Tis Alty Orrell," exclaimed the old lady. "Ah, you may stare! So did I when Jinny brought the news to me."

"Jinny!" interrupted John, with concentrated fury.

"Ah, Jinny can pick up a tale as well as another," retorted his mother. "We was short of oatmeal, and I sent her down to Grierson's to buy a bit to go on with, and she says everyone in village was talkin' about how Alty Orrell had stole a watch and was near bein' sent to prison for it."

"'Tis a domn lie, then," said John, almost with a roar. "Jinny ought to be ashamed o' hersel'."

"'Tisn't only Jinny," returned Mrs. Fazackerly. "Ann Liptrot o' the Moss Farm coom down to borrow my big copper pan—she's jam-making to-morrow—and *she* heerd it. Postman told her. And there's more behind!—Alty's been carryin' on shockin' wi' soom yoong gentleman up yon. He's took Bungalow on shore, and Alty's been goin' to see him reg'lar; and his father and a parcel o' ladies coom down to-day and found Alty yon wi' him. And the gentleman were for sendin' Alty to prison along o' the watch—'twas a gold watch, ye know, and she was actually wearing it. The yoong man said he didn't give it her——"

She broke off, overtaken by her usual infirmity, her eyes fixed questioningly on her son, who sat impatiently waiting till the paroxysm should have passed.

"Well, since ye've heerd as much, maybe ye've heerd a bit more," he said, when the old lady had gaspingly "fetched" her breath at last. "Did ye chance to hear as I were there?"

"Eh, Ann did say as 'twas you as got Alty off," admitted his mother unwillingly, "but I towd her it couldn't be true, else you'd ha' mentioned it to me when ye coom home for tay."

"Well," said John, "that much was true; I was there, and I did get Alty off. I made yon yoong scoundrel own up as he'd lent Alty the watch, and made her promise to say nowt about it."

"Humph," ejaculated Mrs. Fazackerly, "pretty doings! Alty and her yoong gentleman must ha' been uncommon thick for watches to go back'ards and forrards between them. I am but sorry as you should ha' mixed yourself up wi' it—and never to name it to me, your own mother! Eh, well, I'm awful deceived in Alty! I didn't think her a leet-minded wench."

"She's no such thing," said John angrily. "'Twas a foolish business, I'll not deny, both o' them bein' so yoong, and not a penny-piece between them, and makin' out to get married wi'out a word to any of their kin——"

"To get married!" interrupted Mrs. Fazackerly; "I thought 'twas a gentleman?"

"Well, that's the one thing about him as was like a gentleman," returned John; "he meant fair by Alty, he wanted to marry her, and nought else—they'd ha' got married to-day if it hadn't ha' been for me; I put a stop to it. But yo' can keep that to yoursel' about their runnin' off to get married to-day; nobody knows it but me and her grandmother."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know why *you* should ha' interfered," observed Mrs. Fazackerly. "Is she ever goin' to marry him?"

The farmer squared his shoulders, and looked at her resolutely:

"No, she's goin' to wed me now."

"To wed you!" exclaimed the old lady, falling back in her chair.

"Aye," said John, in a matter-of-fact tone.

His mother actually held her breath in her desire to hear more; she was purple in the face, her eyes seemed to be starting from her head. John took advantage of the momentary calm to explain himself.

"'Tis a thing as I've had in my mind sin' the lass coom to work here," he said; "but I thought her a bit yoong, and I reckoned to wait and let her take to me gradual; and then this here yoong spark coom along, and I thought I'd ha' to give up the notion altogether. But as things have fell out, and he's gone off wi' himself, and Alty's found out as he isn't worth frettin' for, I thought 'twas a good time to come forrard."

The last words were scarcely audible, owing to an outburst from Mrs. Fazackerly. John rose, and would have turned away but that his mother caught him by the sleeve; her gaze at once angry and imploring, urged him to remain.

"Well, well," he said, and stood by with something less than his usual patience until she had recovered speech.

"You're out o' your senses!" she gasped at last. "If ye wanted Alty Orrell why didn't ye ax her straight off before she'd gone philandering with folks above her station? But to take up wi' her now, when her name's in everyone's mouth, and her heart's full o' yon yoong fellow!—How do you know she thinks he isn't worth frettin' for? 'Tis my belief she's just taken up with you to serve t'other out for goin' off and leavin' her."

"Nonsense," said John hoarsely.

"'Tisn't nonsense, and ye know as well as me it isn't. Ye've not lived so long in the world as ye have, wi'out knowin' as when a lass is mad wi' her sweetheart she'll be ready to do anythin' to revenge herself on him. Now 'ark to me, John, is it likely as a girl like Alty—one as knows her own mind as a rule, mind ye—'ud be ready to turn from one man to t'other as quick as that wi'out she had soom reason for it? Mark my words, John, she's not promised to wed ye for love o' *you*, but just to make out to t'other as she don't care."

John was silent, but a sudden uncontrollable convulsion of his features showed his mother that her shaft had struck home; after a pause he drew away his arm from her grasp.

"I have but the one thing to say," he observed. "I've axed Alty and she's said 'yes,' and both of us 'ull stick to our promise and let no one—I don't care who—say a word again' the match or again' Alty. Them as does 'ull ha' me to reckon with—beginning with you, mother."

He fixed her for a moment with

stern eyes, and then went out.

He stood for a moment in the cool evening air, endeavoring to compose himself. Like most men slow to anger, he was the more moved under the influence of his rare fits of passion; and at this moment it must be owned he was in the mood to do desperate things.

It was a beautiful calm night; the breeze had entirely dropped, the moon, now climbing high in the sky, flooded the scene with radiance. But the beauty and peace of the outer world failed to soothe the storm within him-self; on the contrary, many trivial details of his surroundings seemed to increase the turmoil of his soul, recalling as they did the personality of Alty, of late so inexorably mingled with the web of his existence. From the dark archway of the cart-shed protruded the shafts of the milkcart, showing white in the moon's radiance: it was on the very first round which Alty had taken in that cart that she had come across the youth who was to exercise so fateful an influence over her. That glittering object in the corner of the yard was the tin pail from which she habitually fed the chickens; the lad who had taken her place on that particular day had been careless enough to leave it out of doors; methodical Alty would have "sided" it in the dairy. Often had she earned Mrs. Fazackerly's encomiums for her orderliness and regularity; but now his mother was the first to be down on the girl. That was the worst of women; they were ready to chop and change from one moment to another, ready to blame and cast up at the very one they had been most used to praise. When Alty and he were planning that garden yonder, John with his own eyes had seen his mother looking out at them, well pleased, and had divined what was passing in her mind.

"If I'd coom in then, and told her Alty and me had settled to make a match of it, she'd ha' been fain enough," he said to himself bitterly; "but now, just because the lass wants a friend, there's nothin' too bad for her."

Turning in at the garden-gate, he paced about between its narrow borders, viewing the grass-plot where Alty had so vigorously plied her scythe, and the neatly raked beds, where the flowers which she had planted were already blooming. All at once the thought which he had been endeavoring to keep at bay pierced his heart with a double-edged pang. Why had he not asked Alty before she had gone philandering? as his mother said. She might have loved him then; now it was possible that Mrs. Fazackerly's taunt, so crudely worded, contained a certain element of truth.

"It's not for love o' you she's promised to wed you, but just to make out to t'other as she don't care."

Could anyone blame her indeed for the determination to show the lover who had cast her off that there were other men and good men too—John was too straightforward to deny his own worth—who knew how to value her. But setting aside any such notion as this, granting that the girl had merely turned to him in gratitude for his proffer of championship and support, that was a long way off the free bestowal of her heart.

"It's mich if she ever loves me," said John to himself with a groan.

Well, never mind! He would be her husband if she could bring her mind to it, and her friend come what might.

The sound of steps crossing the yard roused him from his reverie, and leaving the garden, he encountered one of the men.

"'Tis you, Bob, is it?"

"Aye, sir, I left my little coffee-can yonder in the stables, and my missus

'ull be giving me a proper doin' if I don't fetch it home."

"I'm glad to hear ye've turned coffee-drinker. I reckon ye'd been callin' at the 'Nag's Head,' seein' it's so late."

"Well, I never made out to be tee-total, Gaffer," rejoined the other. "To my mind a man's not a man as doesn't like his glass sometimes."

"Eh, well, there's many o' your way o' thinkin'," said John.

Bob dived into the stable, and re-appeared, swinging his coffee-can.

"Eh, my word, ye'd say so if ye was to look in at 'Nag's Head' to-neet. Eh, they're as thrung as bees in a hive."

"Oh, and are they?" said John, with seeming indifference.

"Aye, that they are," said Bob, chuckling, "and it's *buzz, buzz, buzz,* same as bees, too. Eh, when a tale gets about among the lads yon, they carry on jest same as a pack of women."

"And what mak' o' tale ha' they got among them now?" queried his master.

"Ah, ony bit o' gossip 'ull sarve them," returned the old fellow; "I don't never hearken, mysel'."

But in the bright moonlight John thought to detect a sharp glance of inquiry in the man's little twinkling eyes.

He made no further remark, however, but stood waiting till the heavy footsteps had retreated down the lane, and were lost to hearing; then he himself turned in the direction of the "Nag's Head."

This hostelry stood at the junction of cross-roads, a snug, old-fashioned place, the red brick walls of which were of a comfortable thickness, while its flagged roof wore by daylight an indescribably mellow tint. The red curtains were drawn in the taproom, but as the night was warm, the windows themselves were left open as well as the door.

As John approached with measured steps the medley of voices fell upon his ear, one being presently raised above the others:

"I don't care who says different, I heard the tale mysel', and what's more Farmer Fazackerly told me he were there."

"John Fazackerly!" echoed one or two voices, in varying tones of surprise, and then someone said laughingly:

"Ah, I shouldn't wonder if John were a bit sweet on her hissel'—I've noticed summat now and again."

As the listener without quickened his steps somebody else took up the theme:

"Well, well, we've had all sorts in this here village, good and bad. I've knowed folks as was run in for poachin', and fightin', and that, but I don't know as we've ever had a thief among us before. It ought to ha' been made an example on."

Through the open taproom door John could see the wiseacre who delivered this opinion, William Liptrot, the blacksmith, a stout personage with a good-humored florid face and curling grizzled hair. A few paces away from him stood Luke Almond, the postman, waving his glass, and evidently in the argumentative stage of inebriation. At sight of John he somewhat hastily set down the glass in question, and fell back a step or two, but John strolled straight up to him.

"Now then," he said roughly, "you're very free with my name. I'll trouble ye to say out straight before me what tale this is ye're couplin' it with."

Here William Liptrot removed his long-stemmed churchwarden, and stared in blank astonishment.

"Why, 'tis John Fazackerly, I believe," he said. "We don't often see you here, John."

"No, William," agreed John, "I'm here to-night because I've summat to say. I've summat to say to all present," he continued, raising his voice and looking sternly round, "but more

partic'lar to you and Luke there." He paused.

"Well, and what met that be?" said William, a trifle suspiciously, for though he was not a person of acute perceptions, it was beginning to dawn on him that the farmer's attitude was somewhat truculent.

"Well, jest this—anybody as says a word against Alty Orrell 'ull ha' to reckon wi' me."

William, settling himself back in his chair, rolled his head from side to side with an amused air.

"Jim Prescott was in the reet o' it," he exclaimed. "There's more is sweet on Alty Orrell nor her London spark."

"Now see ye, William, this is no talk for a man o' your years—you should think shame o' tryin' to take away a yoong lass's good name—you as has wenches o' your own! You ought to be more of a man. As for you, Luke, it's you as has been spreadin' this tittle-tattle in spite o' what I said to you this very day, and ye have the impudence to couple my name wi' it, though you know as well as me I told ye the whole business was a bit o' nonsense, not worth thinkin' about. *You're* not too old to thrash, as how 'tis—William thinks his gray head keeps him safe, but, if *you* don't look out I'll learn ye better."

Here William, whose already rubicund face had considerably deepened in hue, broke in, in a blustering tone:

"If it cooms to that I'm as well able to stand up to ye as another, John Fazackerly! If my head's gray it's pretty hard—and I've no mind to be gaffered by you as how 'tis."

At this point the landlord came bustling forward. He was an autocrat in his own way, and was much displeased at the turn events were taking.

"Coom, what's all this about?" he cried. "If there's any gaffering to be done in this house, it'll be done by me—and as for this talk o' fightin', eh, dear, it's mich if I can believe my ears! John Fazackerly, as is, I welly believe, the man most respected in the parish, and William Liptrot as most o' us looks up to pretty nigh same as a father—and both o' you parish councillors and all! If anybody had brought me this tale I'd ha' said it was a lee."

"Robert," rejoined John sternly, "ye know as well as me if there ever was a man as went his own road and didn't seek to meddle with his neighbors, I'm that man; but there's times, I doubt, when a body *must* meddle. Everyone has a right to defend what's his own, and I'm here for that. Now, Luke Almond, let's hear this tale about Alty Orrell. I'll hearken to ye, and if ye coom out wi' a lie, ye'll ha' to take it back, so be careful."

"Coom, I'm sure we've all had enough o' this," said the landlord, with resumed good humor. "We're willin' to take your word for it, as 'twas nought but foolishness on the lass's part. No one has anythin' against her, here—we've all known her since she was child-little——"

"Then the more shame for ye all to sit here callin' her ill names," interrupted John fiercely. "All ready to believe the worst o' her—not one o' you man enough to find an excuse for a yoong thing as is scarce more nor a child yet."

"Well, she'll not want a champion while you're i' th' place, John," said Jim Prescott, chuckling. "There's not many as 'ud stand up like you through thick and thin for a sarvant-wench, let her be so bonny as she might be."

"Bonny's neither here nor there," returned the farmer sternly. "I'm here for justice, and more nor justice. We'll hear what Luke has to say first, and then you can hear what I have to say, and you can judge for yourselves who's most like to be in the right. Now, then, Luke!"

"Eh, I'm sure I don't know what-

ever this to-do is about," said Luke querulously. "I'm sure I don't want to take nobry's character away. I did but mention the tale I heard up at the hotel, yon, how Alty was found i' the bungalow, hidin' in Mr. Royton's room, and when they coom to sarch her they found she'd getten a gold bracelet on her arm, wi' a watch in it, and she wouldn't give no account o' how she coom by it, and owd Mester Royton, the young un's father, was for sendin' for the police wi'out she owned up."

"Ah, that's the tale you told me," rejoined John, "but I added summat to it, didn't I?—Did you chance to let them know that, here?"

"You coom in afore I had time," returned the postman sulkily.

"I coom in in time to hear you say, 'Farmer Fazackerly told me he were there,' same as if I were agreein' wi' what ye said. But coom, ye can go on, now, ye can tell 'em what I did say, and they can judge as to whether I agreed wi' you or not."

"You said," began Luke unwillingly, "as 'twas but a bit o' foolishness between Alty and yoong Mester Royton, and there weren't no harm in it and you knowed about it all along."

"Is that so?" queried the landlord, in surprise.

John nodded grimly.

"Go on," he said to Luke. "What did I tell ye about the watch?"

Luke hesitated: it was hard and humiliating to have his story pulled to pieces before his eyes and the dramatic climax shown to be the merest fabrication, but John's figure loomed beside him, large and threatening, the fists which hung by his sides were uncommonly heavy and massive, the eyes fixed on his own were uncompromisingly stern.

"Well, ye said as ye made that yoong chap Royton own up as he'd lent Alty the watch hisself, and made her promise to say nought about it. That's how she wouldn't say how she coom to be wearin' it."

"That's it," said John. "Well, lads, what do you think o' this chap as makes it his business to go about blackening an innocent girl's character, knowin' she's innocent, mind ye? I think he's shamed hisself pretty well before you all, so I'll let him go this once without the thrashing he deserves—but I'll tell ye plain, Luke Almond, I'll ha' no mercy on you if I catch you at such tricks again."

"Drink your beer, Luke," said the landlord, with as vengeful an air as though he were condemning the postman to quaff poison. "Drink your beer, as you've paid for it, and walk out o' this bar, and I'll thank you not to show your face here again. I'll not have no slanderers sittin' down wi' honest men on my premises."

William Liptrot rose cumbrously from his chair, and, rolling forward, stretched out his hand to John.

"Shake hands, mon! I'll not deny as you coom down a bit hard on me, but happen you were reet—I ought to ha' stood up for the wench, me as has daughters o' my own. Alty Orrell's kin to me, too; I'd ha' had more reason to take her part nor you—though she met be your sarvant."

"She's more nor my sarvant," said John, a certain emotion which he could not control perceptible in voice and manner. "I've the best reason for thinkin' well o' Alty Orrell. I think so well o' Alty that I've axed her to be my wife."

The news made an extraordinary sensation. Men looked at each other, then back again at John. One young fellow, disposed to titter, was solemnly frowned down by his neighbors.

The impressive silence which ensued was presently broken by John himself, who resumed in a firmer voice:

"I'm not a man for wenches, as you maybe know. I were never one to

notice women, or care to ha' anybody doin' for me but my old mother."

"Ah, true enough, true enough," said William, re-seating himself, and looking round knowingly. "We always knowed ye'd alter that in time. We reckoned you'd pipe to a different tune when you coom across the right lass, mon."

"Well, I coom across the only lass for me when Alty coom to our place," said John, "and I watched her close, and tried her all roads, and had no cause to change my mind. So I put it to you now, neighbors, once and for all, for I'm not a man o' many words, as you know."

"No," said Jim, with such fervor that the young man who had already found the situation humorous was again so ill-advised as to laugh; whereupon the rest of the company turned solemn and indignant glances upon him, and the landlord sternly pointed to the door.

"If you can't behave yourself better nor that, Martin Bond, you can follow Luke's example and walk out. I doubt you've had a drop too much already."

"I've had but the one glass, Gaffer," protested Martin, "and I haven't finished that."

"Then sup it up and keep your mouth shut," ordered the host, with such severe dignity that the hapless youth did not venture to protest that the twofold command was a little difficult of accomplishment.

Order being restored, John resumed: "I put it to you now, is it likely that a man like me 'ud choose anybody for his wife as he didn't know to be good and honest all roads. I know her to be that," said John, "and that's why I got her promise this very night, and have come here to prove to you all as there's no foundation for the tale whatever."

Silence ensued, impressed and friendly; finally, Liptrot, drawing a long breath, remarked, "Hear, hear," in his best parish councillor's manner, and the company nodded with universal approval.

"Well," said the landlord, "I'm sure we're all much obleeged to ye, John, for tellin' us this pleasant bit o' news, and I think, considerin' the time and place, and the general circumstances," he added, looking round with a sudden assumption of joviality, "the best thing we can all do is to have a glass round at the expense of the house, and drink good luck to ye and your new missus."

"Thank ye, I'm sure," said John, good-humoredly; he was not precisely in a convivial mood, but he felt that the little ceremony would probably increase the favorable impression which his words had already produced.

The toast was drunk with due honors, and then John could do no less than order another glass round at *his* expense, to cement the general amity; after which, the hour being late, the company broke up, some of the more enthusiastic spirits making the night resound with the strains of "He's a jolly good fellow" as they marched homewards.

(*To be continued.*)

WITH MISTRAL IN PROVENCE.

Although the poems of Frédéric Mistral were written with a definite purpose, they do not, as is so often the case, suffer from this limitation. His great aim was to raise the Provençal tongue to its ancient status as a liter-

ary language, and to this end he carefully sought out the words and phrases of the "lengo dou Miéjour" (the language of the South) which, though looked down as a mere patois, was still spoken in much of its original purity. Not only did he stereotype it in his monumental dictionary, but he crystallized it by making it the medium of poetical expression.

He and a circle of kindred spirits banded themselves together under the fanciful name of "félibres," and, like the "cigale" they chose for their badge, sang of the warmth and sunshine and joys of Provence. Yet the sphere of their influence might have remained a restricted one, had it not been that the true genius which illuminated the verses of Mistral kindled an answering glow in the hearts of his countrymen, and has spread his fame wherever literature is appreciated. Though his tales are romantic and imaginative, and while in his delineation of the Provençal character he has missed the fine humor of Daudet nor quite gained the virile realism of Aicard, they are nevertheless visions of pure delight, seen through a mind as sunny and tender as the brilliant sunshine and soft olive-clad slopes of his native country.

Our acquaintance with Mistral was brought about by the purchase of a tract of land in Provence, where we determined to build a truly typical Provençal house and surround it with gardens and vineyards in the Provençal style. It was not without considerable difficulty that our architect was weaned away from his preconceived views of what a villa should be like, a villa to be entered from a steep marble staircase, one which might possibly break out into a fearsome eruption of blue faïence bosses on its stucco façade. We protested that as the property was really in Provence, and not on the Riviera, it was a pity to add another to the Parisio-Italian structures, whose glaring white cubes thickly bestrew the whole coast. It was when we enlisted the interest of the great poet that the architect was converted to the view which he had formerly set down as the ravings of the mad English.

Mistral entered *con amore* into our plans for the creation of a Provençal Castéu (country house), even teaching us the correct spelling and pronunciation of its name. He pointed out bits in Arles that were worthy of imitation, and told us of outlying *bourgs* where some special architectural features could be studied. When we explained how our idea was to include a cloister, and that we were anxious to find some that could be used as models, he suggested expeditions to many small chartreuses quite off the beaten track, where these cloister courts could be studied, whose existence was barely known beyond the limits of the communes in which they were situated.

Not only was the outward appearance of the house of interest to Mistral, who approved of its low-pitched roof, its "gênoises" and squat turret, its long, low façade and the arched space, which he christened the "Amiradou," the local name for a spot whence a view can be *admired;* but he was anxious that it should be furnished correctly, and spent hours with us in his Museo Arletan while he pointed out the various "goods and chattels" we ought to collect. High-backed, four-railed chairs, seated with golden straw, for the bedrooms; square leather-covered ones for the dining-room; and a sofa of honor, to find a place in a recess in the living-room. He showed us the carved "armoires," "bahuts," and "pannetières," the walnut-wood spice and salt-boxes for the kitchen, the little glass lamps for burning olive-oil, the green bulb-shaped wine-bottles, the brass warming-pans, and long pointed bellows, the earthenware fountains to contain perfumed water for

sprinkling the hands after meals, and many other household goods. He told us of the neat checked material with which to make "para féus" to prevent the wood-fires from smoking, and drew special attention to the tall grandfather clocks which strike twice, at five minutes before the time and again at the actual hour, a quaint testimony to the southern temperament.

He was a delightful guide, and with a word here and there could conjure up the Provençal past, thrilling his audience with the stories of the "chevelure d'or" or the "Tarasque," and making us understand the peasant life of Provence, whose relics he had gathered with such loving care. He had stories of many of the old customs —how the girls used to climb Mont Ventoux on May Day, and there arrange stones in occult designs, which were supposed to propitiate the little love god. He explained the ceremony of the Yule Log, and the trick that mothers play the children on the Feast of the Epiphany; the little ones are always eager to try to see the Three Kings arrive, and hurry off in any direction they are told in order to meet them, only to find that the "mages" meanwhile have, of course, come and gone by another way, though, to the children's delight, they have left behind them their three plaster effigies in the crêche as a token of the reality of their visit.

Mistral was ever genial and kind, and never seemed to tire of our bombardment of questions; and one day when a large party of the society of "cousins," or gnats (established in imitation of his "cigales"), swarmed into the museum and begged him, with the persistence of the insects whose symbol they wore, to write his name on quite a pack of postcards, he obligingly did so, laughing all the while and making jokes in his loved Provençal tongue till the place rang with merriment. When he accompanied us through the streets to the other sights of Arles, his progress was almost royal: all doffed their hats to the "grand maître" whose tall figure was so well known.

His appearance was most striking. He had regular features, a fine brow, framed with white hair; a well-shaped mouth, half hidden by the moustache and beard he wore à l'impériale, and wonderfully expressive eyes, that glowed with fire or beamed with tenderness while he talked of his native country. He had a rich talking voice and a fine baritone, and would, without preparation or accompaniment, break into singing, rolling out with genuine pleasure the pathetic air of "Magali" or the patriotic song of "La Coupe." He, like the trouvères of old, evidently felt the lilt of words not only as a poet but as a musician, and would often turn a French phrase he had been using into its equivalent Provençal, in order to dwell lovingly on the melodious syllables. He constantly extolled the richness of the language, pointing out many subtle shades of meaning that could be expressed with fuller grace and facility in Provençal than in French.

One of our party ventured to indite a sonnet in his honor. Although he did not understand English, he was charmed with the rhythmic sound of its lines; and when its imagery was explained to him, he was so pleased that he had a translation made by a "félibre," and published it in the *Provençal Journal*. He was presented with the little poem one day we met him in Arles, and taking the authoress by the hand, he bent over it saying, with tears in his eyes, "You, Mademoiselle, are a true félibresse. I will give you the 'pervenche.'" This was a great honor, the decoration being the grade among the félibres granted to foreigners.

Amid the ancient glories of Arles, Mistral played the rôle of the learned historian and antiquary versed in classical and mediæval lore, but at Maillane in his own village he was truly the poet of Provence. The simple "mas" or farmhouse, where he lived, had been the home of his forefathers for generations, and he was proud of his descent from this long line of those who had lived and worked and died in this quiet, out-of-the-way spot. He was never so happy as here, and in later years rarely left it except for his weekly visit to the Arles Museum. He refused all invitations to distant festivities in his honor, for he said, "If I went to one I should have to go to all, and then I should never be at home."

The village of Maillane lies in a wide plain; the fertile land all around is highly cultivated, and the poet loved its remoteness. He did not like the advent of strangers into his country. He said they brought in ways and ideas unsuited to the people. In this, he referred to the crowd of foreigners who spend their winters on the littoral; but added with evident relief, "My namesake keeps them away from hereabouts," and pointed to the rows of cypress trees that a violent "mistral" was mercilessly bending into a variety of contortions. He had, however, a great appreciation of the English race, and approved the "Entente Cordiale," writing the following inscription for a frieze in our Castéu, sculptured to commemorate that event:

"Aliénor de Prouvençe que s'envai espousa Enri III d'Anglo-Terro, toca la man à sa sorre Margarido de Françe mouié dóu rei Sant Louis, e presumis-son entre éli en se parlant prouvençau la futuro amistançe de Françe e d'Anglo-Terro."[1]

[1] "Eleanor of Provence, on her way to espouse Henry III of England, greets her sister Margaret of France wife of the king Saint Louis, thus foreshadowing between them, while speaking together in Provencal, the future friendship of France and England."

Mistral's house stands at the end of the village street, from which, through a doorway in a wall, the garden that surrounds it is entered. When we last saw it, it was full of spring flowers, which were the special care of Madame Mistral. Vivid tulips and stock-gilly-flowers filled the "platebandes," above them blossoming quince-trees and trailing weeping willows swayed in the wind, while the path was dappled with the blue shadows of the plane-trees. There were roses too everywhere, and the subtle perfume of the "glycine" came to us borne on the warm gusts. Mistral preferred the native trees and plants to any of the newer importations, and though he admired the mimosas, he was glad when he heard we had not planted many of these aliens in our "domaine."

He took a delight in escorting us around, telling as we went pretty legends of the flowers. He called the rows of cypresses the "regiments" set to guard the peasants' crops from the fierce invading winds, and made us listen to the swallows repeating the Sacred Name in their gentle twitterings as they perched on the red roof.

Wherever the poet went his dog followed at his heels, and when he and Madame Mistral good-naturedly posed for us to take their photograph he, as a matter of course, took his place in the group. He always sat at his master's side, his chin resting on his knee, and could not bear to be parted from him. It is reported that his grief was so great at the loss of his master that he has pined away.

The house itself is a white plastered building with smallish windows and dark green shutters. The roof has a short pitch on one side, and a long slope in the typical Provençal way on the side exposed to the wind. On a southern wall is a painted sundial, whose motto the poet allowed us to copy for our own façade:

"Gai lezert, béu toun soléu
L'ouro passo qué trop léu
E doman ploura, beléu!"[2]

Within the house all was simple, fresh, and wholesome. The floors were tiled with slippery red "tomettes," and the rooms were plainly furnished, yet showed great taste. One room was a library, and another, much bigger and higher, was a sort of dining-parlor. In the glass cupboards that were ranged along one side were kept the decorations and orders, parchment addresses, and photographs with august signatures, that had been showered on the author of "Mireille" by the rulers of every civilized country. Yet, though he showed them with a fine appreciation of the spirit in which they were offered, it was the honor done through him to Provence that really gratified him.

One of the results of the Provençal revival which seemed to delight him most was the popularity of the Arlésienne dress, which can be worn by rich and poor alike. It is no actual survival, but its details were pieced together from various local costumes worn in different places in Provence, and dating as it does from the "sixties" it has a dainty early-Victorian effect, which is quite charming. No headdress was ever more becoming than the "pur velout" of the "coifo d'Arle," crowning the classical head of some statuesque beauty.

Mistral was a fine conversationalist and had the gift of leading the talk from one subject to another. During one discussion, the poet expressed his admiration for the first Napoleon. He spoke of his wonderful influence and the power he had of winning men to his side—"We Frenchmen," he said, "are by nature hero-worshippers and idealists, and if once our imagination is aroused, we are ready to undergo any self-sacrifice for the person or cause." He also discussed modern literature, deploring some of its tendencies, though acknowledging its power and vividness; yet contending that truth need not always be unlovely, and that virtue should never cease to be the poet's highest inspiration.

Mistral had a firm religious faith founded, perhaps, rather on inherited tradition than built up by philosophic reasoning. There was, indeed, a simplicity—almost a naïveness—in his doctrine that was very touching. The revolt against religion in modern France pained him. He regretted the loss of the cult that had been the mainspring of so much that was beautiful in his country, and dreaded the deterioration of the national character that he considered would be inevitable with the adoption of a purely secular standpoint. But in all his talks, Mistral returned instinctively to his favorite theme—Provence, her history, her people, and, above all, her language. His creed, though intensely patriotic and inculcating a pride in provincialism, was strenuously opposed to any separatist tendency. It was only a nationalist movement so far as it concerned the past; the present and future of Provence were indissolubly bound up with the destinies of France. He was well aware that while the glorification of one of her provinces gave an added lustre to that country, Provence had gained in a far wider sense by becoming an integral part of the great French nation.

Few have carried out their life-work more completely than Frédéric Mistral. He found Provence with but a small group who remembered or appreciated her ancient glories, and he made it a labor of love to carry out endless researches into her archives, to preserve her documents and traditions, and, with a touch of the wand of his genius, establish her language once more in

[2] "Happy little lizzard, drink of thy sunshine,
The hours pass all too fast,
And to-morrow the rain will come perchance."

its place of honor. His achievement is undoubtedly a great one, and although in the charming words of his poem "Moun Toumbéu" he modestly predicts that the name of him who is now called "King of Provence" will in time only be heard in the song of the "gribet brun" (the little brown cigale), yet a personality such as his can never be really forgotten.

His tomb, which was made during his lifetime, is a domed structure, a copy of the pavilion of "La reine Jeanne" at Les Beaux. He expressed his gratitude for the inspiration which led him to adopt as the design for his last resting-place this beautiful little building that links so perfectly the Romanesque and Renaissance arts of the South, and the epitaph, which he himself selected, sets forth in simple phrase the spirit in which his work was carried out—

"Non nobis Domine, non nobis
Sed nomini tuo
Et Provinciæ nostræ
Da gloriam."

Margaret Amherst.

The Cornhill Magazine.

DRAMAS OF BIRD-LIFE.

I.

A great American naturalist once came to England in hope to hear the nightingale. Although he wandered for many miles over Surrey and Hampshire, his search was well-nigh fruitless. Had he gone no further than the outskirts of London, he might have fared better. There are still certain spots in the suburbs to which the nightingale returns year after year. One of them is Wimbledon Common, where the bird sings every spring, often, however, quite unrecognized by those who hear him. It is commonly believed that because, as all the world knows, the nightingale sings by night, he keeps silence during the day. Never was delusion more ill-founded. It might be in part accounted for if the bird were of a particularly timid and fearful nature. But he is not; in fact, nightingales are, as a rule, least shy where they are most accustomed to man's presence. Not only does this much-misunderstood bird (some nightingales, of course, more than others) sing at intervals all day long, but he appears, at times, to take delight in singing to a crowd. Here is a case in point. On Wimbledon Common, a year or two ago, a pair of nightingales built their nest hard by a much-frequented footpath. On Whit-Monday the place was crowded with holiday-makers. Family groups, eating *al-fresco* meals, sat on the ground within a few yards of the nest; people passed continually along the path, and boys played noisily among the bushes. (I trembled for the safety of the eggs, but, by great good fortune, none of those urchins stumbled on the treasure which lay hidden almost within arm's length.) And all the while, careless of the din, the male nightingale in the trees overhead sang his best and loudest. But he sang to deaf ears, for in all that crowd not one head was raised to listen.

In secluded spots, where man is seldom seen, the nightingale is more retiring and suspicious. But when blinded by jealousy even the shyest birds become careless of danger. In a little oak wood, barely eight miles from Hyde Park Corner, which for months together is almost wholly undisturbed, I came upon two male nightingales one morning early in May engaged in a song-duel. Though I stood in full view, scarcely a dozen

paces off, they were utterly heedless of my presence. In neighboring trees a few yards apart the two rivals, back turned to back, sang lustily. One, the finer singer, would ever and anon flaunt his tail in defiance, as it seemed. The other, as though aware of his inferior voice, would now and then in intervals of singing turn his head to listen to his enemy, and then, in desperate effort to outdo him, burst out afresh. Presently they took alarm and flew away. On my return some time later I heard a harsh, rasping cry, and suddenly the two birds, one in fierce chase of the other, flew swiftly through the undergrowth and out of sight. Next day one nightingale sang there alone, in triumph, hour after hour. His weaker rival had been driven from the field, while he doubtless awaited the wife who would shortly appear to share his conquered territory.

A full fortnight passed before I again entered the wood. But though May was almost at its prime, the foliage of the slow-leafing oaks, even then only half uncurled, was still pale yellow rather than green. Underfoot a dense growth of bluebells covered the ground, broken here and there by clumps of rhododendrons, which rose in towering walls of sombre green out of the floor of blue. The rhododendron in an English wood is not only an alien, but, to my mind, an undesirable alien to boot. At Kew, that home of exotics, one can frankly admire, for a few weeks in Spring, the clustered masses of many-colored blooms. But at best its beauty is short-lived. For the greater part of the year it is merely a dank jungle of hard, varnished-looking leaves. And when rhododendrons, swamping the undergrowth, spread like gigantic weeds among our native forest trees, a wood is a wild wood no more.

As I sauntered through the oaks that May morning the nightingale sang in the distance. Deep in the wood, beyond a shallow streamlet, is a broad glade, part bracken and part soft, springy turf. Close to the stream, however, in a corner shaded by overhanging boughs, the greensward ends, and only a tangle of dead brambles sprawls over the bare earth. Here, on the ground, I found the nightingales' nest. The birds themselves gave me the clue to its whereabouts, for, in going to and coming from it, they invariably perched on a stunted elder-bush a few paces from the stream. The nest was made of dead oak-leaves, which thickly crusted the ground. All through my search the hen nightingale sat closely, but her russet-plumaged shape, pressed tightly down into the oak-leaf nest, harmonized so perfectly with its setting of brown and russet leaves that only her round, dark eyes betrayed her. I confess that when, as now, I find myself staring straight into the eyes of a startled bird only a few inches from my face I feel not triumph, but pity, rather, and contrition. For though instinct may teach her that safety lies in perfect stillness, who can tell what breathless agony of terror she endures as she meets, unflinchingly, the horrid gaze of the monster who bends over her?

In the next fortnight I spent many hours in the nightingale wood. First making sure that all was well with the five beautiful olive-brown eggs, I would re-cross the stream and lie down to watch under the spreading leaves of a clump of rhododendron on the other bank. And as I lay with bluebells all about my face, by degrees a queer fancy would take me that they were no longer simple flowers, but the banners of a fairy host, marching in serried ranks through the wood. When all was quiet the wild things of the wood one by one would cautiously bestir themselves. I would become aware of faint, mysterious movements in the

leaves. Unseen wings would rustle exquisitely close to my ear; or a twig would quiver as some tiny bird alighted for an instant. Then a jaunty blue-tit, with great to-do, would bustle through the branches; a willow-wren would come out of hiding and flit from leaf to leaf, singing its silvery chime; and a garden-warbler, almost at my elbow, but all unaware of me, would pour out his deep, rich, tireless refrain, like the restful gurgle of some little fountain playing in ceaseless jets into a glass or marble basin. One day a long-tailed field-mouse—its tail held high and its tiny "cow-hocked" hind legs almost knocking together as it moved—cantered boldly into the open a few feet away. Now and then it would stop and, pushing its snout under a dead leaf, sit up and munch the dainty it had found. Once or twice a great dragon-fly, with broad, flat tail of golden-brown and a square of chequered red at the base of each wing, hovered in front of me, its wings vibrating so fast as to be almost invisible. Once it settled on a bramble-spray, and, holding on firmly with five feet, cleaned its head with the sixth, seeming almost to dislocate its neck in the process. One evening, just beyond the stream, two gaily-clad warriors fought a smart little skirmish under my very eyes. The sun, dipping behind the trees, threw glancing shadows across the glade; turtle-doves purred drowsily in the branches, and now and again the nightingale pierced the evening quiet with a swelling, long-drawn note, so full of poignant sweetness that one held one's breath to listen. Presently a green woodpecker flew down to the grass and began to probe in the turf with its strong bill. First came a few vigorous blows, loosening the soft mould; then, from its half-opened bill, the bird thrust its long protruding tongue slowly and carefully into the hole in search of ants. The woodpecker was still hard at work when a jay alighted a few paces off. With crest and tail raised it hopped towards the busy "yaffle" and at once showed fight. The woodpecker, nothing loath, accepted the challenge and the battle began, the combatants springing into the air like game-cocks. In a medley of flashing feathers—the jay's red-brown mantle and wings of blue, black and white against the green, yellow, and crimson of the woodpecker's plumage—they leapt up and down, looking like two brilliant tropic birds. But the woodpecker, it was clear, had little stomach for the fight and soon returned to its feeding, while the jay, its black tail held higher than ever, hopped off with the honors of war.

Day by day the yellow of the oaks deepened into green; gradually the bright bluebells drooped and changed color; and through the brown and withered rack of last year's growth the sprouting fronds of the young bracken thrust their curled-up heads into the light. By the end of the month a gnarled old hawthorn in the middle of the glade was gay with bloom, white as snow against the tender green of the leaves. The rhododendrons were late in flowering, but here and there clusters of blossom—cream and lilac and crimson—lighted up the masses of dark leaves.

I had been watching the nightingales at intervals for a week when I made a discovery. Scarcely had I settled myself in my hiding-place one afternoon when the male bird began to sing. Though it was evident that he was only a few yards away, and though my field-glasses searched the place high and low, he was nowhere to be seen. The song, too, was strange. There was no fine, sustained passage, but instead brief, disconnected outbursts—mere flickers of song—which, moreover, sounded curiously soft and

muffled. In fact, there was something altogether mysterious about this singing. Why was it so oddly "muted" in tone, and why was the singer, though clearly close at hand, invisible? I was completely puzzled. Then suddenly enlightenment came. No wonder I had failed to find the bird, for he was singing on the nest! Here was a surprise! Unless I was grievously mistaken, I had stumbled on a phenomenon indeed. To my knowledge there is little evidence that the male nightingale ever helps his mate to hatch the eggs. And yet, since the female is never known to sing, here was proof positive, not only that the male will take his share in warming the eggs, but that he will on occasion sing while doing so. After all, we know that the male blackcap sings on the nest, so why not the nightingale? Next moment, as though to resolve my doubts, the bird himself flew straight up from the nest to the elder and thence to the bough of an oak, where he at once broke into vigorous song. He was still singing, in full view, when his mate flew to the bush and dropped in her turn to the nest. Again and again on other days I listened for that strange nesting-song, but all in vain. I hoped, should it be repeated, to stalk the bird and see him in the act of singing. But the chance was gone; he never in my hearing sang again on the nest, nor did he, as far as I could tell, once resume his domestic duties during my hours of watching. Indeed, he sang so persistently in the trees that it was clear his mate did the lion's share of the work. Now and then he would bring her an offering in the shape of a green caterpillar while she patiently covered the eggs. But he suffered no stranger to come near his sitting wife. Did an adventurous blue-tit or wandering "oxeye" dare to alight on the elder, the watchful husband would chase the intruder furiously from the neighborhood of the nest.

In due time the eggs were safely hatched. As I neared the spot one morning close on the end of May, a chorus of loud cries greeted me. The nightingale has two (so-called) alarm cries: one is a deep, grave, menacing "Kur-r-r" (which has been libellously called a croak), and the other a strong, sweet, plaintive whistle—"Wheet." But these sounds are far more than mere cries of alarm. At times they express anger or defiance or give warning of danger. Further, I am inclined to believe that just as a partridge, in order to lure its enemy from its helpless brood, will feign a broken wing, so the nightingale will endeavor by means of these cries to save its young from a marauder by drawing attention to itself. (The poor little stratagem, as I shall tell, sometimes fails miserably.) On other days, one or both of these sounds had been uttered in momentary protest as I drew near. But now both were repeated so loudly and persistently that it was no surprise to find, on going to the nest, that it contained, not eggs, but five tiny, callow younglings, newly hatched. Since it was impossible, while lying on the ground, to see into the nest, I stood up behind a convenient oak to watch. No sooner was I hidden than the cries ceased, and presently one of the birds—the hen, without a doubt—flew to the elder. She dropped for a moment to the ground and then returned to the bush. In a sort of tremulous ecstasy she gazed down at the nest she had just left. All the time her fanlike tail, glowing red in the sun, moved convulsively from side to side, or was spread out behind her like a sweeping train. If only some of those persons who profess to believe that the nightingale is just a little homely brown bird could have seen that proud and handsome young mother as I did—at close range and brought nearer still by binoculars

—they would have quickly recanted their error. After a few moments spent in rapt contemplation of this new marvel which she had warmed into life, she flew away, but soon returned with food and, going to the nest, brooded her young. After a time the cock bird appeared, carrying a cargo of grubs. He was far more suspicious than the mother, and flitted about in the elder bush for nearly five minutes before plucking up courage to descend to the nest. To my delight, I plainly saw him through my glasses give the food to his mate, who, bending her head, passed it to the newly hatched brood under her. Once the father brought a small white moth to the nest, and twice while seeking for food he sang a little—under his breath, as it were.

All went well for nearly a week. Then one day I heard a long way off both nightingales crying distressfully. Nearing the glade, I saw both birds fluttering above the nest while they filled the air with their cries. A pair of blackbirds, too, were flying round and round, making clamorous uproar. Full of forebodings, I jumped the stream and plunged heavily through the brambles. Disturbed by my noisy coming, a weasel darted away from the nest and went leaping through the undergrowth. Could I catch him? It was a forlorn hope, but with redoubled speed I chased him into a great clump of rhododendrons, where he vanished. Did those distracted birds know I was come to their aid? As I followed the weasel—crashing through the brambles with great leaps—they actually flew with me as I went. At that moment they betrayed no fear of me whatever, and even when I reluctantly gave up all hope of killing the murderer—for murderer I felt sure he was—and went with sinking heart to the nest, the birds, abandoning their timidity, flew up and down from the ground to the elder, or sat, crying piteously, within a few feet of me. I believed then, and I am even yet inclined to believe, that they knew me for a friend, an avenger. As I feared, the worst had happened. The weasel had done his work thoroughly: the nest was empty. I returned to my oak and, standing behind it, watched. For some time the wretched parents quartered the brambles all round the nest, fluttering with lamentable cries just above the ground, looking for their lost ones. Then, one after the other—first perching on the elder with wings and tail working feverishly—they would drop to the nest for a moment, only to resume their hopeless, hovering search. Presently the bereaved father, his mouth full of grubs, flew to a twig a few feet from where I stood and sang a little stave which, at that moment, sounded even more sad than his cries. Did grief cause that song? The nightingale, like other birds, is moved by anger, jealousy, and love. It seems to follow, then, that he is capable of feeling sorrow also. And since song is an outlet for passion and anger, may it not equally express grief? If what I witnessed was not grief, then I have never seen it.

For long the birds continued to hover over the brambles, crying ceaselessly. After a time, however, they went in search of more food, and, returning to the nest and finding it still empty, gazed forlornly into it. At intervals the cock nightingale, never relinquishing his load of grubs, sang in a low key. The most moving scene of the whole tragedy was still to come. The hen, bringing once more her useless burden of food, flew alone to the empty nest and stood, for fully three minutes, staring into it in a dumb, questioning attitude which was pitiful to see. Then, as though still unpersuaded of her loss, she leant forward and, bending her head to one side, appeared to

be listening. She went through this mournful routine no less than four separate times. Once she stooped and seemed to peck at something in the nest. For some time I was at a loss to account for this action; then an explanation occurred to me. Nightingales while feeding the young keep the nest scrupulously clean. What I imagined, then, was that, though there were no longer any children to feed, the bewildered mother, in blind obedience to instinct, continued with futile care to remove any refuse from the nursery.

The cries, meanwhile, had gradually ceased, but suddenly they broke out afresh as loudly as ever, while the birds fluttered once more wildly above the ground. Next moment I caught sight of the weasel's head close to the nest. I made another mad dash after him, but he was too quick for me. His return and my rush into the open seemed to remind the nightingales of their loss, and they renewed their fruitless search. But in time the cries died down again and the birds became more calm. A full hour, however, after the catastrophe the hen once more appeared with a supply of grubs. But this time, after another long look at the nest, she swallowed them herself. She was more constant than her mate, for he, meanwhile, his short-lived trouble already half forgotten, was singing loudly in a tree hard by.

II.

It was eighty in the shade. The mere thought of exercise made one uncomfortably warm. It was painful exertion enough to drag a deck-chair under the big lime tree on the lawn and drop, gasping, into it. In the heat of a blazing July noon, others may work or play if they will; I am all for striking when the sun, that arch agitator, gives the word to down tools. With a sense of the utmost well-being I lay back in the shade, too listless even to open a book; content to bask, luxuriously idle. The very birds had caught the contagion. The wagtail on the lawn no longer made frantic rushes after flies but, all his sprightliness gone, stood hunched up on the grass, taking a brief siesta between bouts of preening. A blackbird hopped limply along the parched flower-border to the shelter of the shrubs. In the branches overhead a pair of blue tits chattered in tones that seemed curiously hushed.

The heat had effectually silenced all song. No, not all. In distant tree-tops a goldfinch sang his artless lay. Tossed on the breeze the airy strain—blown thistle-down of song—trembled faintly in the ear; so ethereally sweet as to seem like enchanted music—the twanging of fairy harp-strings stirred by summer zephyrs amid lightly-rustling leaves.

There could be no respite, were it never so warm, for the pair of spotted flycatchers yonder, while four big, hungry nestlings, agape in their sun-baked nursery among the creepers, ever asked for more. But flycatchers are hot-weather birds. There is no waste of energy in their methods. No breathless, exhausting hurry-skurry like that of the wagtail; but, instead, an air of calm, cool, invincible efficiency. Aloof on its perch the sad-colored little bird will sit, silent and alert. Then will come an easy swoop, the audible snap of an unerring bill as it closes on some hapless insect, and an unruffled return to the look-out.

I was drowsily watching the flycatchers when suddenly a shadowy black form flashed past my eyes, darted violently up the front of the house, and vanished under the gable. A swift! And a swift, no doubt, with a nest in the roof. No more idling now. The heat forgotten, I scrambled out of my chair and hurried towards the house. Next moment a second swift, at break-

neck speed, followed its mate into the shadow of the gable. Hardly had it disappeared when a volley of lusty screams came from the spot. A minute later first one and then the other swift dropped plumb down from the gable and flew away.

At the point of the gable the ridge-beam which supported the roof jutted out a few inches beyond the eaves. Under the eaves themselves the shadow was so dense that nothing was visible to the naked eye. Binoculars, however, showed that between the beam and the point of the sloping roof was a triangular opening, no more than seven or eight inches square. The nest, it was clear, was on the beam, backed by the wall and with the gabled roof falling steeply down on either side. Even as my glasses found the place, the chorus of querulous, squeaking cries that came from it proved that young birds were in the nest.

It was clearly my duty to cultivate the acquaintance of these unexpected fellow-guests. But so fleeting and erratic were their appearances that the task required boundless patience. Bolt upright in a hard chair in the blazing sun—my neck bent back uncomfortably—I would watch that dark corner under the eaves, awaiting the birds' return. And a long wait it often proved, both for me and for the hungry youngsters.

Most birds bring food to their young at fairly frequent and regular intervals, but swifts are bound by no set rules. One knew neither when to expect these unaccountable parents nor how long they would stay when they did return. Only the most lynx-eyed vigilance could keep count of their meteoric comings and goings. They might dash up twice or thrice in as many minutes, or keep their nestlings waiting for half an hour or even far longer. And when, after a lengthy absence, a bird did at last catapult itself into the nest, it might, with equal likelihood, stay there only just long enough to feed the young, or settle down for thirty minutes or three-quarters of an hour.

Had they not often met at the nest, it would have been difficult to prove that both parents fed the young. Male and female were so much alike that, when all one saw was a momentary vision of a dark shape shooting past one's eyes like a bolt from a bow, there was but little chance of distinguishing subtle differences of size or color. One ceremony was never omitted when they met—a hearty scream-salute. The swift is dowered with a voice which is signally devoid both of beauty and variety. In fact, he has but one note—and that a screech—for the expression of every emotion, even the most tender. So, in all probability, the strident yells which invariably accompanied the meeting of husband and wife were not, as they might well have been, cries of rage, but greetings as fond as the cooing of the dove to its mate.

On the wing—in love or play or strife—the swift always shrieks *fortissimo*, but in the nest a softer note may sometimes be heard. Now and then, as I sat at watch, a succession of subdued screams would come from above the beam, where one of the birds brooded its young. Did those gentler sounds betoken contentment? Who knows? He would be a wise man who could interpret the language of swifts.

One afternoon I weakly thought to lighten the tedium of my task by combining reading with watching. But, try as I might to keep one eye on the gable, a moment came when the book proved irresistible, and both eyes were drawn down to the page. And in that moment, unseen, a swift came home. But my ears held true, and the sound of hard wings striking against the wall, plainly heard in the still air, re-

called me to duty. Raking with my field-glasses the gloomy nook overhead, I could see dimly the tips of long black wings protruding from the nest, to prove that the bird, in very truth, was there. But when—the book put aside and both eyes glued resolutely to the beam—five minutes, ten, twenty passed, and there was still no sign, I began to doubt the evidence of my senses. Then, without warning, a black shape plunged violently and vertically down into space; the strong pinions came into play, and the bird was gone.

I was anxious to prove that the swifts took turns at resting, but they were so bewilderingly alike that I failed to do so. Since, however, an arrival at the already occupied nest was usually quickly followed by a departure, it seemed only reasonable to suppose that the two birds then changed places; that the newcomer's entrance was the signal for its partner to be up and doing. Only once did I actually see the guard relieved. Then the new arrival, instead of going straight to the nest, clung to the beam in full view, screaming vigorously. Next moment the sitting bird appeared, and, clawing its way from beam to eaves, crawled down head first, flung itself on the air, and left the other to take its place.

Although the swift is so conspicuous and demonstrative by day, at nightfall his doings—nay, his very whereabouts—become doubtful. In fact, he has made for himself a reputation for mystery. He has succeeded in convincing a number of competent observers that, not content with ranging the sky all day, he is addicted also to nocturnal roamings. It is believed by many that, in favorable weather, male swifts, instead of going peaceably to roost, are given to passing the night high up in the clouds. I myself have seen, in the last of the summer dusk, a cluster of swifts—all shrieking frantically, as though possessed by so many merry devils—mount with one accord into the air, their voices growing fainter the higher they rose, and at last dying away altogether. And I have waited in vain for a whole hour in the dark for the sounds that should tell of their return. But such evidence, of course, was purely negative. Many persons have watched swifts go aloft at dusk, but who has seen them descend at dawn?

So, finding myself under the same roof with a pair of the birds, I welcomed the chance of solving somewhat of the mystery—though it was not to be expected that, in four brief sittings, I could glean conclusive evidence. After days of brilliant sunshine the evenings, though cool, were clear and still. If ever male swift were minded to roam, here it seemed was weather to tempt him. But my neighbor was an obstinate stay-at-home. Perhaps the nights were hardly balmy enough for his taste; or perhaps, with a family on his hands, he had no mind for midnight roaming. On all four nights of my watch—at nine o'clock or thereabouts—one of the pair would dash up in the dusk, followed quickly by its mate. There would be a "swish" of wings in the quiet air, the sound of stiff feathers brushing against hard brick, the inevitable screaming duet at the moment of meeting, and then silence, but for the faint, incessant babble of the young.

And there both birds remained. One night, just after they had retired, four other swifts came tearing past the gable, screaming madly as they went. Were they, by chance, a party of gay husbands off to make a night of it, who tried (though in vain) to lure this exemplary swain from his wife's side? And night after night, in deepening darkness, I sat, with eyes fixed on the gable, till ten o'clock, but no swift ever emerged. Though that again

proved nothing. For it does not follow that swifts are never fly-by-nights merely because on four successive summer evenings one father of a family went early to bed.

J. Rudge Harding.

The Fortnightly Review.

FOUR ANNAS REWARD.

I.

Aherne is a Collector now, and the sphere of his activities—which are still great—is very far removed from Kavutapur. I very much doubt whether if you entered that club, of which he is now a shining light, and inquired for "old Hamelin" or "the Ratcatcher," anything but vacant stares would be your reward: yet there was a time when these names stood for Aherne from Ramnad to Berhampore, and when the mere humming of "The Ratcatcher's Daughter" would draw from Aherne such missiles as were within his reach. But that was a long while ago, and I do not think there can be much harm in raking up the story once more. As for the other people of whom we shall speak, Brash, the Policeman, is now home for good, and Peebles is in a world where naturalists with theories are, we hope, more kindly treated. What has become of Rama Reddi, his own gods—and perhaps the C.I.D.—alone can tell.

These things befell in the year when the plague visited Kavutapur, which is a district conspicuously marked on any reliable map of South India. The plague began somewhere on the Bombay side of Haiderabad and wandered over the Nizam's Guaranteed State Railway to the hot hillocks of Bezwada, where much varied humanity intermingles. Thence it spread in all directions; Kistna and Godavari got it mildly, but the main stream worked southwards by Guntur, and fell mightily upon Yelrud. Yelrud is the northern division of Kavutapur, and Aherne was the newly gazetted Divisional Officer. That is to say, he was a youngish man of not very long service, many ambitions, and an immense appetite for work.

Whether Peebles' Theory of Rodent Migrations produced Aherne's Patent Rat-Trap, or *vice versa*, or whether the gods of India, who delight above all things to make sport of the British Government, inspired them both simultaneously, I am not prepared to say. The facts within my knowledge are as I shall tell. Peebles—the Hon. Mr. A. R. R. Peebles, that is—was an exalted personage in high places at Madras, a most distinguished student of natural history, especially with reference to the more domesticated types, and a man of many theories great and small. Aherne was a pushing young man with a mechanical turn of mind, already the inventor of many helpful devices in the region of lamps, punkahs, saddlery, and the like. Peebles, for some reason, suddenly took up the subject of epidemic disease, its curious movements and wanderings, and especially its transmission by the lesser animals—rats, birds, pariah-dogs, and some others. Peebles took to worrying the Government on this topic. The plague came to Kavutapur. Aherne had the honor to address Government on the subject of his patent rat-trap. All these things appeared to follow as the night the day.

Some day, perhaps, we shall see into the mind of that odd deity who governs epidemics, and shall know why the cholera moves through regimental camps in figures of eight, and why the smallpox, overleaping six villages, falls

in fury on the seventh. In the meantime we can only say that the plague having reached Yelrud, thought fit to advance no farther, but sat down quietly to decimate Aherne's division. The usual steps were taken, but the plague stayed on. It stayed on so long that the Government had time not only to read and consider Aherne's remarks anent his rat-trap, but actually to cause the manufacture of a goodly number of these instruments. I doubt if it would have got this length but for Peebles, but Peebles was neither to hold nor to bind. "A heaven-sent sphere of experiment," said Peebles repeatedly. "An opportunity not to be wasted." The upshot was that one fine morning there arrived at Hallarpet, which is the headquarter town of Yelrud, a consignment of the celebrated rat-traps, together with a Government pronouncement, setting forth that these were to be sold throughout the division at the moderate price of two annas each, and that while the plague lasted (here shows clearly the hand of Peebles) a reward of four annas would be paid for every rodent corpse submitted for Aherne's inspection. Aherne, doling out rat-traps and proclamations, felt like a man coping with large affairs.

The only dissentient voice was that of Brash, the District Superintendent of Police, who was then on a tour of inspection of the Yelrud stations. To begin with, Brash did not approve of the trap.

"You ought to have put the spring thing at the back," said he, "and I think the whole thing's too big."

Worse than this, he went so far as to disbelieve in Peebles.

"I don't believe rats have anything to do with it," said Brash. "There are hardly any rats in Hallarpet. I never knew a station with so few rats. Mosquitoes, if you like. Or sandflies. You won't get any rats."

Doubtless he was soured by overmuch inspectioning. In any case, his expressions are of no value, as he was of an unmechanical turn, and had no views on natural history whatsoever.

II.

Apart from Aherne and his rat-traps, the progress of the plague in Kavutapur need not directly concern us. Except for its unusual persistence it was a perfectly normal plague. But the facts which attended the use of Aherne's rat-traps were very far from normal.

To begin with, no rats were caught. Aherne's own bungalow was notoriously free from vermin of any kind, and it was therefore useless for him to attempt any experiment on his own premises, but though a convenient stock of four-anna pieces lay to hand, not a soul came forward from any quarter of the division to claim them. To all appearances there were no rats in Yelrud. From noddings of the head and drawings-in of the lips Brash went on to open and offensive language. "There aren't any rats," said he openly. "Either that or your traps aren't working"—contriving somehow to imply by voice and manner that both these things were the case. Aherne bore with him because he was, for the time being, the only other European in the station, but at times he found it hard.

Then one day there appeared a certain villager, Venkayya by name, with three dead rats, professedly caught in one of Aherne's traps. As in duty bound, his neighbor promptly filed a complaint against him on the ground that two of the corpses were in truth his, and that he had been keeping them in his house to produce. Aherne pointed out that according to the proclamation the reward was to be paid to the person producing, and informed the neighbor that he ought to have kept a better look-out. Rumor has it that

he made up the reward, out of his own pocket, to one rupee.

There ensued a blank fortnight, and then began to happen those events which brightened Aherne's outlook and caused Brash a not inconsiderable dismay. There was a sudden inrush of rats. Men appeared bearing corpses, not in twos and threes, but in tens and fifteens. Brash was at first incredulous; then, being confronted with the corpses, remarked that he did not know how it was done. Aherne pointed in silence to a neat little mark on the back of each rat—the mark of the Aherne Patent Rat-Trap. Of the efficacy of the trap there could no longer be any possible doubt, for on every corpse, in almost exactly the same spot, the little triangular dint, which was the work of Aherne's patent, appeared. Brash had not a leg to stand on, but in his disagreeable way he went on finding objections.

"It's very odd," said he, looking at the reward book, "all these fellows seem to come either from Hailarpet or some of the villages just outside. There didn't used to be any rats in Hailarpet. Not to speak of."

"There didn't used to be any plague in Hailarpet either," said Aherne.

"There isn't so much now as there was," persisted Brash, "and yet you're getting more rats every day. I don't understand it."

"They're getting up to working the traps," said Aherne. "That's all."

Things began to turn steadily against Brash, for it was less than a fortnight later that Peebles made his discovery. Aherne was under orders to submit a certain number of the corpses to Madras for examination, and it was with great relish that he selected promising specimens and had them sent off. With no less relish did Peebles attend their dissection, and his reward came when one day among the latest batch he came upon a slightly different rat—a bigger, redder rat, which he at once pronounced a species peculiar to the north Deccan, and never heard of south of the Godavari river. Whether it was or was not, it is not for me to say, but Peebles knew about rats, and he was probably right. "There's your plague!" said he, smiting the dissecting board in a way that made the carcasses jump, and went off to write a report to Government. The report was twelve pages long, and proved Peebles' Theory of Rodent Migrations up to the hilt.

"But," said Brash the inconvertible, "I don't see how he makes that out. If the rats brought the plague, you ought to have caught them when it broke out. I believe you that they came from Haiderabad. There weren't any rats in Hailarpet; that I'll stick to. But I wish you'd explain to me how it is that the more the plague dies out the more rats you keep getting."

"Oh, they're getting up to the traps, I suppose," said Aherne carelessly, "or perhaps the rats are coming out more, or something."

III.

All this time I have said no word of Rama Reddi. That is because no word of Rama Reddi was so far heard in Hailarpet.

In person this Rama Reddi was insignificant, and his antecedents were doubtful, but his course of speech and action in the past few years had made him an object of interest to the Government.

His name appeared in certain odd-looking papers, and certain officials maintained a paternal interest in his whereabouts, and glanced from time to time at his doings. Brash knew about him, and knew that he lived in a house with a piece of land attached in a back street of Hailarpet,—a street as a rule unfrequented, and liable to become blown up with sand. Brash used to

ride round that way sometimes of an evening—mostly, I am afraid, because it led to a good galloping ground—and one night he saw that which made him thoughtful.

"I passed Rama Reddi's to-night," said he to Aherne, "and there was a deuce of a lot of talking going on round his door. People were swarming about that godown of his at the back, too. I wonder what he's up to."

Aherne was only faintly interested at this time, but a week or so later Brash was at him again.

"Rama Reddi *is* up to something," said he; "there was a crowd at his place to-night again—especially his godown."

"What do you propose to do?" Aherne asked. "You can't very well rush in yet. He may only be holding an auction, or something."

"No," said Brash, "but I suggest a little unofficial stroll that way to-morrow evening. I think you might come with me."

"All right," said Aherne idly, thereby sealing his doom.

Hereafter I think the story may well go on in Brash's own words. He told it often, with a relish, and as he was an unimaginative man, the account varied little.

"When we got into the street"—so Brash would tell—"I suppose there would be about forty people round Rama Reddi's house, talking away like anything, and a lot more hanging about the door of his big godown. When they saw us coming some one raised the alarm and they cleared like smoke. I didn't like it. There was a little lane place going down the side of Rama Reddi's site, and one corner of the godown stuck out into it, so I said to Aherne, "Let's go down there quite quietly and just keep our eyes and ears open." He thought it was a sound idea, so down we went. As we came up to the godown, going very softly in the sand, I heard an odd sound, or rather a lot of sounds. "Hullo!" says Aherne, "What's that? Sounds like a rat." "Sounds like a thousand rats," said I. "I'm going in." And in we went.

At this point Brash always drank ostentatiously, or lit a pipe, or punctuated in some way.

"God bless my soul, I never saw such a sight. The whole place was lined round with little cages like a menagerie, and every cage simply hotching full with rats. The row they made was like wet cultivation at night in the rains. Aherne and I simply stared. All at once I looked round and saw Rama Reddi's son Subbayya trying to sneak out. He was an imbecile sort of fellow and ugly as sin. I hauled him back, and after a bit we got it out of him.

"'It was the order of the Government,' was all he would say at first, but by degrees, when he saw we weren't going to kill him, he expanded. 'The Sirkar people made an order to kill,' said he, 'and sent out the teraps. But the teraps did not kill. How should they?'" ["You should have seen old Aherne's face here," said Brash, chuckling.] "'Then my father, Rama Reddi, said to my uncle, Venkata Reddi, "The Sirkar people will give money. It is a pity no one should get that money. We cannot catch rats with our hands, and the teraps are not good." "Alas! what an evil!" said my uncle. "Not so," said my father. "I will write to our cousin Malisetti and he will send us rats, and for these the Government will give us money."'

"'How could he get rats?' said Aherne in a voice like thunder.

"'He is ratcatcher to the Zamindar of Raichind, Excellency,' says Subbayya. 'There are many rats at Raichind. In Hallarpet there are not many.'

"'And Raichind's in Haiderabad,' I

put in. 'See the "Theory of Rodent Migrations."'

"'The rats came in a box. They were very fine rats. Some were larger than others, a different kind.'

"Compare Peebles," said I.

In telling a story Brash never spared his hearers his own witticisms.

"'Then my father, looking on all these rats—there were perhaps a hundred—said, "It is a sin that such fine rats should die."

"'Undoubtedly you are mad,' said my uncle.

"'Not so,' said my father. 'Have ye not heard the parable of the grain of seed that the crow dropped from his beak? These rats shall be just such a grain of seed. The Sirkar people will get many rats.'

"'Good God!' yelled Aherne, 'they've been breeding them.' And so they just had."

"But the marks of the traps?" some one usually asked at this stage.

"Oh, that was all right," Brash would say: "The dodge that made Aherne's patent was a little poleaxe thing, and they took one of these out of a trap. Subbayya explained all that. 'My father holding the head and my uncle the tail, I struck,' said he. 'In one day we killed seventy. It was hard work.' They knew poor old Aherne was keen on his traps, you see, and the more trapped rats come in the more pleased Aherne would be, and the longer the rewards would flow forth.

"'It was quite fair,' said Subbayya. 'We sold the rats for three annas, and those who brought them to your honors got four. We had to pay for keeping the rats; also we had a syndicate to buy teraps, as the people would not buy them, and your honors would have discovered. The price was just.'

"At the end of it all poor old Aherne turned to me.

"'I can't expect you to let this drop,' said he. 'All I ask is that you won't say you told me there were no rats in Hallarpet. And don't spare Peebles.'"

That is the tale of the plague of Kavutapur and how the Government of India fought it with Aherne's Patent Rat-Traps. If you do not believe it there are two things you can do. You can look up, in the Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society of Calcutta, Peebles' admirable paper on "Migratory Animals as a Factor in Geographical Change," and study the great capital cunningly made therein out of the appearance of Haiderabad rats in Yelrud. The other—and perhaps the simpler—is to search out Aherne, and ask him if there are still any rats in Hallarpet.

Hilton Brown.

Blackwood's Magazine.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

Malevolent mischief-makers are few though effective. Merely sly mischief-makers are common. But the malevolent and the sly do not account for nearly all the mischief that is made. A great mass lies at the door of the wayward, the careless, the curious, and the ostentatiously candid. Discretion is perhaps the better part of candor, but, as in the case of valor, it has often no connection with it. It is necessary for the peace of any community that the majority of its members should say a good deal less than they think. Most people are entirely used to this small degree of self-suppression. It irks them no more than the wearing of hats or boots. On the other hand, there are those who never get used to any constraint whatever. They will

say their say, come what may of it, and very often it is mischief which comes. In certain states of mind the relief of words is necessary to them. All that they know and all that they imagine they pour out when the fancy takes them, and while the mood is on them they may be said to think aloud. A strange medley of anger, whimsicality, and derisive criticism rushes out of their mouths. Much mischief within their circle may be traced to one of their occasional seizures, and they, if they find it out, are never in the least sorry. They are rather proud of what seems to them their exceptional spontaneity.

But if mischief is made out of sheer waywardness, it is made out of mere carelessness also. Many men and women do not care in the least what impression they make by their words upon a stupid listener. They purposely disregard the presence of the intellectually uninitiated, just as some people disregard servants. The language of humor, of humorous cynicism or humorous exaggeration, is not understood by all and sundry. "So much the worse for them," says the humorist. Very often it is third persons who suffer by the misunderstanding. Much mischief may be traced to statements which were never for one instant intended to be believed; but some tiresome person believes and repeats them in good faith, and a fine crop of mischief is the result. There are certain jokes which cannot be safely made in the hearing of fools. Unfortunately, there are many jokers who do not apparently believe that fools have either ears or tongues, not to speak of appetites, for scandal.

Probably curiosity is responsible for as much mischief-making as anything but wickedness. One person with a passion for asking questions will set a whole parish by the ears. Against an inveterate questioner almost any method of defence is considered lawful by uneducated people. If he goes among the poor, he will amass an immense quantity of false information. Less simple people will let him get a false impression from their silence, and the unwary will say a great deal of truth that they never meant to say at all. Men or women with the passion of curiosity upon them will always use their information as a means for getting more, and soon all sorts of mischief-breeding nonsense is in the air. It is difficult to stamp it out, because there is almost always truth in it—truth which the inquisitor's unwary victims reproach themselves continually for having let fall under great mental discomfort.

A good deal of mischief is quite unwittingly made by those strange people who love to tease. They are not cruel, but they do love to hurt others a little, partly to make themselves important, partly out of a less innocent wish to know more than their acquaintance warrants of the person they are talking to. Preliminaries bore them. They look for the joint in each man's social armor. They want to know what So-and-so would be like off his guard. It is not a nice spirit which makes them act thus, but it is a spirit which now and then takes possession of some otherwise good people. We all do things when we are "possessed"—and who is not possessed at times?—which in an exorcised state we should look down upon. Now and then the teasing spirit will suggest to the tormentor to repeat something he has heard said about his victim. Probably it will be nothing very unkind, unless he be a detestable person—and we are supposing that he is not—but it may easily quench a budding friendship, or leave a sharp recurrent pain, for all that. These sort of mischief-makers do not believe in the pain which comes of small wounds because they have not

felt it. So far as such little ills are concerned, aggression makes for safety.

We all, wherever we may live, in whatever station of life, have felt a longing to be what is called "in the know." No one likes to be outside the inner circle which forms the "gold" of his own circle. It is not everyone who has the strength of mind to admit that he is never there. There are certain very likeable and respectable individuals who for various reasons are seldom admitted to anyone's confidence. "I never hear any gossip," they say if they are frank. Some of them say it with pleasure, meaning to imply that they are superior to tittle-tattle, but far more say it sadly. They do not know what it is in themselves which makes others afraid of them; they only know that it exists, and that they cannot help it. As a rule, it is a species of pride, of which their friends and acquaintances are always conscious. These proud people accept their banishment as inevitable. There are others who rebel against it, and resent the result of their own defect of sympathy. They pretend to know more than they do, and no one can make this pretence for long without being let in for some actual falsehood. Mischief is made by these sad people, one might almost say, innocently, but once made the mischief becomes malignant, and they do as much harm as far worse men. As for the intentional strife-maker, the man who throws bones of contention and laughs at the suffering he creates, it is not easy for the ordinary onlooker to understand his motives. He must be actuated by some dim distorted notion that when good men fall out bad men come by loot. Some vision of advantage must appear before his eyes. But it is impossible fully to explain him. There is a secret in the heart of the wicked not yet revealed to a mediocre world.

Something which might be called mischief is constantly to be traced to people who think very well of themselves and believe that they are public-spirited. They have an instinctive wish to hit back and pay out any person who ever so inadvertently injures them; but among their friends they either dare not do so, or perhaps some better feeling restrains them. But let them go among strangers, especially strangers in a different class of life, and their spite gets the better of them. They are never so happy as when they are entering a complaint against someone—getting someone into bad odor with his chief. A halfpenny wrong change from a distracted 'bus-conductor, who probably made an honest mistake, will give them a pound's-worth of pleasure. They have not the imagination to enable them to realize that they have done a man harm in his career, besides discouraging and embittering him. They do not believe they are making mischief. They think they are preserving the Empire. Needless to say that if the public accepted all small injuries rather than take the trouble to set them right life would be unbearable. It is the duty of the educated to school the democracy in the matter of financial honor. But true as this may be and is, it remains true that endless suffering and bad feeling are created by the so-called public-spirited who have nothing better to do than to get their fellow-creatures into trouble. Such people ought to be kept during their whole lives in strictly subordinate positions. Nothing else will teach them how cruel it is to stir up suspicion between master and man.

The most innocent of all mischief-makers are those managing persons and "scene-makers" who are always longing to bring about dramatic reconciliations. They like to be in the midst of a quarrel, but to be there in safety and

to pose there as benefactors. The real peacemaker either hides his good action, or in a businesslike manner frankly suggests a compromise, setting himself diligently to satisfy both parties as far as possible without thought of his own rôle. The *poseur*, on the contrary, being anxious about his own advancement, and preoccupied by his own appearance in his part, frequently ends by irritating the combatants and making matters far worse than before. If we look round among our friends for real peacemakers, we shall find that their action is for the most part preventive and inconspicuous. It is, however, certain that even numerically they are a very strong body of men. It is because of their unceasing activity that most of the mischief which is generated by malice or by accident comes to nothing.

The Spectator.

THE DEAD HAND.

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer rolls out his annual list of figures, even the small man in the street has some taste of the greatness of the country to which he belongs. It is true he may be about to have an increased burden laid upon his own frail exchequer; but on Budget day his mind abstains from such petty pre-occupations, and deals only in vast sums. They are easy sums to understand, too; there are no shillings and pence, no odd hundreds and thousands even; a million is the lowest sum commonly recognized. The simple people whose small money affairs can in no wise be dignified by the name of Finance have a sense as of sudden comprehension of large figures; finance was not, after all, such an obscure matter as we had thought; and, enlarged into unwonted spaces, we move at ease among millions. Referring to a "ha'penny on sugar" or a "penny on tobacco" with gusto is the process by which these mean figures are turned into millions of revenue. It is a very pleasant and very easy form of arithmetic—everything in round sums and simple figures; indeed it is like a child's earliest sum on a slate, if only you add six noughts to everything; and if anything doesn't balance you simply take what you require from a thing called the Sinking Fund, which apparently never sinks, but always rises to the occasion. "I am thus five millions short," says the amateur Budget-maker from his arm-chair; "I shall put a halfpenny on sugar, take a million from the Sinking Fund, and there I am!"

Far be it from me however to discuss the figures of this sumptuous sum. It will be discussed, heaven knows! during the next few weeks. But taxation is not merely a matter of figures or sums of money. You cannot move such vast sums or alter the disposition of properties without producing a very considerable effect upon the human life of the community; and in the steeply ascending scale of death duties, for which Mr. Lloyd George is responsible, I see the possibilities of an influence that might be far-reaching indeed. I will not discuss the fairness or unfairness of this tax; the time has gone by for that, and the only problem left for the rich person to consider is whether he will give up a portion of what he has, or wait till it is taken away from him. But the effect of a tax amounting to one-fifth of a property which passes by will must inevitably be to discourage the leaving of large estates, and to encourage the giving of them away dur-

ing the owner's lifetime. That seems to me an entirely desirable effect. It turns the death duties simply into a mandate from the State saying, "You have made or inherited a great fortune; you cannot take it away with you when you die; therefore you must either distribute it during your lifetime or surrender a considerable part of it to the State as a fine if you don't." That seems to me a good thing, because it would discourage a state of affairs which has a far from happy influence on family life. The spectacle of a man clinging on to all he has acquired, hoping to keep others out of it as long as he can, and only reluctantly surrendering it with life itself, is an extremely ugly one; and it is still uglier when such a man, not content that the power over others which he has wielded through his property should die with him, seeks to exercise it from the grave, and by his dead hand to check, direct, and interfere with the living destinies of those who succeed him. It is a purely arbitrary law, which has made a man's death the moment at which he hands over his property; and it would often be much better, both for those who give and those who receive, if the owner of great possessions had, during his lifetime, the opportunity of giving them away—with suitable reservations, of course, for his own maintenance—and noting their effect on those who received them; and perhaps being able to advise and help them from the results of his own experience.

The earliest wills under Roman law were made in public, and were irrevocable. I will not say that it would be an advantage in our modern civilization to go back to the irrevocable will, but there is something to be said for wills being made public when they are made; there would be less opportunity for that most mischievous and miserable kind of control which is exercised through property—the coercing of people by means of threats and hopes, the enslaving of them by capricious changes of mood, and holding over them the penalty of "cutting them out" of, or the bribe of "putting them into," a will. Under this same ancient law children could not be disinherited unless for specified acts of misconduct; and that again was surely a sound principle. Many of us have known cases of a son disinherited because he did not happen to think exactly as his father thought; or a daughter cut off with a shilling because she married the man of her own choice instead of one of her father's choice. And, finally, the Roman wills became effectual from the time of making; they were in fact assignments of the property involved, which passed there and then to the legatee. There was thus no mystery about the will; and it is the mystery which causes half the mischief in connection with wills in our day. It is a sad thing that a man who has begotten children, reared and educated them, worked hard to provide for them, and made (as he thinks) suitable provision for them after his death, should have his testament turned into a bone of contention among those whom he wished to unite, and a means of splitting and scattering his family. Yet over and over again this happens, not only on the large, but on the small scale; and I have seen brothers and sisters who had been devoted and dutiful children wrangling over a sideboard, or a picture, or a service of plate, and ultimately nourishing something like hatred for each other, just because their father, in his innocence, had thought that all that was necessary was to leave a will dividing his possessions equally between them. If they had all been given in his lifetime, or even left to one to divide among the others, there would have been no difficulty or friction; but you cannot di-

vide a picture or a sideboard: one must take one, and the other the other; and the suspicion that the other should be getting the better bargain produced such passion for mathematical division that a valuable set of Chippendale chairs was actually divided into four and scattered to the four quarters of the globe, its value destroyed just because no three of the disputants would tolerate the thought of a fourth possessing it complete.

No; the dead hand may occasionally point from the grave in warning or restraint, still more rarely in positive guidance; but on the whole it is a nuisance. It casts its chill shadow over lives which still have their right to the sunshine. There is therefore something to be said for any legislation which will make people give away more and leave less.

The Outlook. *Filson Young.*

LITERATURE IN A HURRY.

A learned Lord Justice once, in the course of a case he was trying, termed journalism "literature in a hurry." As to the hurry there can be no doubt; the literature, it is regrettable to have to confess, is more often than not conspicuously absent from the columns of the hastily written and hastily produced modern morning or evening paper. Nevertheless, it is probable that the great majority of us would be decidedly miserable if deprived of our dailies. When Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) visited Palestine he came across an American who was making all haste to get away. After a few greetings, such as two English-speaking persons meeting in a foreign land might be expected to exchange, the American asked Dr. Watson where he was going. "To Jerusalem," was the reply. "Jerusalem!" exclaimed the Yankee, in tones of unfeigned disgust. "You don't want to go there! I've just come away. It's a slow town. Why, there isn't a daily newspaper. in the whole place!"

A hundred years or so ago the total daily circulation of newspapers in the United Kingdom was only 60,000; some fifty years later it was about 700,000; and now it probably exceeds nine millions. But the huge circulation to which the present-day newspaper has attained is almost all it can legitimately boast of. Its usually ungainly and unwieldy size, its diminutive type so trying to the eyes, the execrable paper upon which it is too often printed, its pompous dullness and inaccuracies, its misused words crowding upon the typographical eyesores so freely and impartially disseminated by the vaunted type-setting machine, its fits of hysterics and its literature of St. Vitus's dance, though possibly meet (or meat) for a few, can scarcely be said to make it attractive, so that its great sale must be mainly due to the existence of a demand which will be supplied, no matter how defectively. With our improved machinery, which will print, cut, and fold the paper, and insert and paste in insets, where is the sense of issuing a sheet which, as regards its proportions, is more fit to be spread over a bed, or put to any other purpose than the one which is presumably its real *raison d'être*—to be taken in the hand and read?

"Miscellanists are the most popular writers among every people; for it is they who form a communication between the learned and the unlearned, and, as it were, throw a bridge between those two great divisions of the public," wrote Isaac D'Israeli, in his "Literary Character of Men of Genius."

The Press is a power in the land, and those who aspire to serve it might at least take the trouble properly to qualify themselves for the duty. Yet, as Charles Lamb says in "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," when dealing with newspapers, "No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment." And the late John Hollingshead once observed that most writers were like a hurdy-gurdy, and had only a certain number of tunes to play. When they got through them they should change their pitch. The English language has been described by one author as "the finest, the most practical, and the most sonorous medium of speech yet discovered by the sons of man," and by another as "wonderfully rich in synonyms and in words suited to the expression of various shades of meaning. There are few thoughts for which the exact word cannot be found in our language. There is no necessity for making words do duty for others simply because some persons are not acquainted with the others, and some are too indolent to seek for them."

This degradation of the language is to a great extent due to the ascendancy of the daily newspaper. In the haste of producing it many niceties of speech are neglected; and as the largest number of readers of English are the readers of newspapers, looseness in the employment of words is easily spread. Descriptive reporters are responsible for much slipshod writing: as, for instance, when describing a fire, "between six and seven fire-engines dashed up to the scene of the conflagration simultaneously"; when reporting an inquest, "the post-mortem examination showed that the unfortunate girl was a teacher's daughter"; or when giving an account of a street accident, "the gas-lamps, which at this time were not yet lighted, made the streets appear still darker." In obituary notices he will feelingly observe: "Thus two of the three have passed to that bourne whence no traveller returns in less than a week"; and, again, "he will find in the world beyond many friends who give him a warm welcome," which is a somewhat unfortunate expression to use in such circumstances. But even the leader-writers are not faultless, for one once declared that the Liberal Party without Mr. Gladstone was "like a rope of sand without a shepherd"; and there are many other instances.

Compositors and proof-readers are responsible for many ridiculous, if amusing, mistakes. Here are a few that came to the cognizance of the late Andrew Lang: "The tortures of their prisoners" appeared in print as "the futures of their prisoners"; "there is truth in the converse" of a certain proposition became "there is truth in the universe"; and Browning's "Just for a handful of silver he left us" was printed "Just for a handle of silver he left us," which the proof-reader accounted for by explaining that, as no one understood Browning, he thought it was all right. A correspondent having been sent by his paper to Tours, availed himself of the occasion to visit the house in the Rue Royale where Balzac was born; and finding it tenanted by a dentist, had a decaying molar, which was troubling him, extracted there. In alluding to the circumstance in an article, he wrote: "I had a tooth drawn where Balzac cut his." An intelligent compositor fancied he had detected an omission, and kindly resolved to supply it, so that on publication the passage read: "I had a tooth drawn where Balzac cut his throat." It is not, however, always the fault of the compositor or proof-reader, for some journalists are the despair of printers in the matter of their handwriting.

The Academy.

NEXT DOOR.

It is surprisingly difficult to remember how one lived when station, opportunities, tastes, humors were so different from those immediately before one. Moral prejudices and predilections for a certain kind of manners nip in just as the memory seems to be on the point of a tolerable reproduction of old impressions and insist on some sort of rough and ready judgment being passed. The only way out of the difficulty is to assume that at any given moment you were living to the best of your capacity—must have been doing so, or there could not now be the satisfaction in to-day which makes the business of living so immensely worth while. If you have not that satisfaction, then you will leave the past alone, and these words are not for you.

But make that assumption, and the employment of remembrance becomes delightful. For those who have lived amid beauty, so that their memories can easily conjure up a wood, or a stream, or a hill against the sky, and people a whole enchanted region with legendary figures, there is an ease and grace in recollection which must give their whole lives a kind of bloom. Them I envy. I turn into my memory and find it dark, windingly cavernous, lit only here and there by gleams. Perfectly charming people, wonderful grotesques, I meet, but they slip away round the corner, and they have no gracious relationships one with another. The Dolbys, for instance, kept a goat, and Mr. Dolby had a red nose and a checked waistcoat; and Miss Fish had a long nose and used to wear a little dog round her neck until one day it obeyed a natural necessity; and Mr. Beasley was confusingly a riding-master and also kept a public-house; and Mrs. Nuxford did crystoleum paintings and wore imitation gold rings even when she was washing up, and kept lodgers, and had Miss Gracie Leigh living with her when she was Cinderella in the pantomime; and old Garside, the bookseller and phrenologist, who came to buy my grandfather's old books when we inherited them, and told my bumps, and said I should be a scientist. All these exciting people lived next door to us, not of course in our house, though in the first digging out of memory it would almost seem so.

We moved, like most of the rest of our kind, once in two years; just from one street to another, and these streets only differed from each other in having more or less privet and elder. My mother, who was born in the country, liked bright new houses; my father, who was born in a town, at a time when towns were worse even than they are now, liked them dark and old. Neither could stand the other's choice for long, and therefore we moved, and the practice has given me my large and confusing collection of next-door neighbors.

A family is rather a powerful organism. You cannot prevent its reaching out to find points of contact with other organisms, though you be never so urban and repressive and select and set on insisting—as most people are—that you are above your station. You can avoid other neighbors, but in modern terraces of houses, not Next Door. You can hear Next Door's noises; you know when the children are spanked; you know how often Next Door has a bath; you know the temper of Mr. Next Door when he comes home in the evening; sometimes you cannot avoid hearing Next Door's opinion of yourself. And if in both houses there are children, they simply, as it were, knock down the party wall and commingle. The two families, however reluctant

they may be, even though they despise each other and quarrel, cannot escape a certain intimacy, and perhaps this more than anything else drives them into that constant moving in and out of houses which unsettles the minds and memories of most of the human beings bred in this our blessed civilization. Such families as these, having no organized society or pleasure outside their churches or chapels or Buffaloes or Ancient Foresters, have a rather fierce desire to confine their intimate relationships to their own families; they keep closely in touch with grandmothers and uncles and aunts by means of almost daily letters and postcards; of their own kin they know the best and the worst (or they think they do), and with all others they would have them know only better than the best or nothing. Children, of course, make that ambition impossible, but their elders stick to it with a pathetic heroism as regards everybody but Next Door, and even there, in defiance of the children, they often succeed in setting up rigid conventions.

Next Door is really rather thrilling when the house is empty. Then you go over it and compare it with your own, though it is exactly the same, with the doors on the left instead of the right. And you watch all the people who come to view it, and judge by their eyes and backs as they go away whether they are thinking of taking it. And then, when the paperers are in, you guess as to which of the viewing families has taken it, and when they move in you declare that you knew it was they all along. The empty house begins with a rather uproarious life as the new people settle in, and gradually it grows quieter, and you soon pick up and look out for the noises occasioned by their habits. The two families begin to interpenetrate, and quickly you have a real Next Door.

One learns. Next Doors are always windows upon strange worlds. Romance shines through them; but even more valuable is the lore one acquires concerning the anatomy of society. All Next Doors have relations of whom they are ashamed and connections of whom they boast. The Clibrans, for instance, held up their heads high above the poverty and mediocrity of Clarendon Street because Mrs. Clibran's second cousin once removed signed the banknotes. Because of that I knew about banknotes long before I ever saw one, and when I possessed my first I looked at it to see if it contained the signature of Mrs. Clibran's cousin. It did so, and I swelled with pride to think that I had known Mrs. Clibran in my youth, so powerful is the effect of Next Door pride. Another Next Door was the wife of a brewer's drayman and the daughter of a Royal Academician. All of them would brag of having fallen—though it might be through generations—from some high estate, and none would proclaim themselves on the ascendant. Our streets, you see, were just respectable, but not such as in their very names to convey any social guarantee. One lived there because rents were cheap, and the poor-but-honest must live somewhere.

And that kind of living leads nowhere, except, for present purposes, back to the contention of the first paragraph that it is difficult to recollect the life of years ago if there were in it neither places nor moments of powerful beauty. I can remember nothing vividly but streets, backyards, entries, a few characters outside my life and experience, a series of Next Doors —and they either moved or we did before any human fusion had become possible. A shifting world—one's own growth and hunger and longing; the grace of some beautiful woman; kindly words from some genial, humorous man; the loveliness of a child; occasional sickening brutalities, which yet

gave a certain sense of force in that changing and sluggish queerness; peeps through Next Door into other regions of society—at this distance from a more gracious existence it all seems sad. But sad it never was. I had a perfectly wonderful time, and when in imagination I return to one of those little houses and listen to the people Next Door I realize that they are nearly always laughing.

Gilbert Cannan.

The Saturday Review.

INDIA AND THE EMPIRE.

It is a remarkable comment on the curious indifference of England to her "great Dependency" that, in all the discussions now rife on the question of the Federation of the Empire, India is quietly left on one side. There is no deliberate intention to do injustice; there is merely a vast ignorance. There is a general vague idea that India is a "conquered country," that she "is held by the sword," that she is more or less barbarous, and does not count when Imperial questions are to the front. People read, in articles on Census Reports in the daily Press, remarks on the hill-tribes and other savages who still remain ensconced in some of the recesses of her vast extent, and think, more or less casually, that these are "Indians." Obviously, these need not be considered when matters of self-governing nations are being discussed. Her people are "natives," "colored," and the words call up pictures of Hottentots and Kaffirs, and others of that ilk. So the British nation blunders along after its wont, and is risking the loss of the noblest opportunity a people have ever had of building a world-Empire so mighty that it could impose peace on the world, and is tending steadily towards a war of "white" and "colored," in which Asia, indignant at long exploitation and injustice, shall be pitted against Europe and America. It must not be forgotten that Japan's increasing population is beginning to press against her boundaries, and that Australia, with her sparsely settled lands, her ludicrously small five millions of white—rapidly tending towards yellow—men, and her unguarded thousands of miles of coast, offers a most tempting opportunity for colonization, armed if necessary; only the Japanese Alliance with England and the floating Union Jack over Australia defend that Asiatic country against invasion. Asiatic countries traditionally look to India as the land whence they have derived much of their civilization, and already there are whispers in the Far East of what of good to the Asiatic world might happen if India should remember that she belongs to the East, not to the West. In the face of all this, with incredible and suicidal recklessness, the Colonies are treating the Indians as an inferior race, and are shutting them out—where they do not take them as indentured, *i.e.*, as slave labor—and Britain remains supine and shows herself unable to protect British subjects, while the United States jauntily remark that as Britain allows them to be shut out of her Colonies, she cannot complain if the American Republic follows suit.

Now India does not desire to shatter her allegiance to the Crown, but she passionately desires the removal of the laws which cramp and fetter her; she demands self-government within the Empire, and she is resolute to win it. She is gradually developing a national self-consciousness, and the late troubles in South Africa have done much to quicken this; in her protest against

the cruel injustice with which her children there were treated she felt herself as one. Meetings all over India voiced a single protest; all the various classes were welded together by a common emotion; women threw themselves into the stream of public feeling; money poured in at Mr. Gokhale's demand—more than was needed. For the first time a thoroughly national demand was made, and India felt her own strength. She will never forget that by her own action she won a Viceroy's aid and redress for the worst wrongs under which her children labored.

But she will never again tamely submit to exclusion from other countries, while those same countries claim the right to enter freely into India, and to flood India with their products. In Australia, in Canada, the immigration of Indians is now a burning question, and the resolution to fight it out is seen in the 600 Hindus who are invading Vancouver to insist on their right of entry. Foreigners have forced open by violence the doors closed against them by China, and the "open door" became a war-cry. Now Colonists claim to keep their doors shut against British citizens. Will not Great Britain consider what Indians ought to do? If they are to be shut in within the limits of India, and to be denied the ordinary human right to travel freely in other lands, may they not fairly claim at least to have their own land to themselves, and to shut all white men out of it? Is it surprising that a murmur is making itself heard to shut out all Colonials? The resentment which is spreading is not the vocal resentment of the much maligned "educated class"; it is a dumb resentment, spreading among the masses of the peasantry, whose kith and kin it is who are refused an outlet for their industry. It will be ill for the Empire when this peasantry, feeling the ever-growing grievance of their exclusion from the right to win their bread, turn to their natural leaders, their educated fellow-countrymen, and cry to them for help. The Indian masses are neither loyal nor disloyal; they are indifferent to Governments, which, to them, from time immemorial, exist only to plunder them of their hard-won earnings. The only intelligent loyalty to the British Government in India is that of the educated classes; they desire self-government, but self-government within the Empire; England has taught them to love liberty, to admire free institutions, and they look to England to carry out in India all that she elsewhere declares is essential to national and individual self-respect. Their faith in her professions is shaken, but is not yet destroyed; they are still willing to be guided in their building-up of free institutions by the experience of the English, but they demand that the building shall proceed.

How is this educated class being treated? There is the Press Act, to which their consent was gained by a promise that the High Court would redress any wrong—a promise shown to be illusory. This Act is administered harshly against Hindus and Mahammadans, but is a dead letter when English-edited papers stir up hatred against Indians.

They have long asked for the separation of executive and judicial functions, for the union of the two causes frequent injustice and spreads disbelief in "British justice." A "Collector" (magistrate), tired out with revenue work, listens impatiently to counsel, hurries his decisions, pays no attention to evidence, suddenly fixes a place of trial perhaps twenty miles away at his next camp, increasing the expenses of the litigants, putting lawyers, witnesses, and principals to most serious inconvenience, sometimes making the

hearing impossible. Despite all urging, nothing is done, and the people despair of justice.

They ask for representation on the India Council, a modest third of the members to be elected by themselves. Will the prayer be granted? They complain that the ever-increasing cost of higher education is becoming prohibitory, and urge that the Education Departments should not, under pretence of efficiency, crush out schools which are at least better than nothing; but the Juggernaut car goes on relentlessly.

They ask that they shall not be barred out by color only from posts in their own land; that regulations shall not be made which force their sons to qualify in England, and yet shut against them the colleges and other institutions where the qualifications are to be gained. They ask to be treated as political equals, and not as inferiors in all branches of the Service. Government will find difficulty in staffing its Services with any but inferior men if the present *régime* continues, for the better type of younger men will not submit either to rudeness or to benevolent patronage. They feel themselves to be the equals of the white men and see no reason why the white should treat them as inferiors.

They ask that in all the Services young Englishmen, just imported, shall not be put over the head of Indians who are efficiently performing their work. For example, a young man is brought over from England as Professor, and placed over Indian Assistant Professors of far greater knowledge than he can claim. They resent their exclusion from clubs and the social treatment they receive, and they rightly feel that this will continue until political freedom is gained, and all posts in the Services are thrown open to them on the same terms as to Englishmen.

There is nothing in all this which borders on sedition, which deservedly causes suspicion and distrust. Nothing is more dangerous, more disloyal to the Empire, than the flouting of this splendid class of patriotic men, and the constant misrepresentation of their aims and conduct. For the sake of England as much as for the sake of India, their co-operation and advice should be sought and welcomed; for the stability of British rule in India depends on them.

Annie Besant.

The Nation.

AN APOLOGY FOR PURITANS.

It is difficult in these days to take exception to even the meanest-moralled picture or book or music-hall turn without being reproached with the name of Puritan. It is as if even to be suspected of Puritanism ought to overwhelm one with shame and to send one into hiding as a sinner against the arts. Puritanism, I admit, is not an easy charge against which to defend oneself. But that is not because it is so terrible, but because it is so vague, a charge. Some men, when they call you a Puritan, mean that you keep the Sabbath and speak through your nose and do not allow your children to read fairy tales. Other men regard you as a Puritan if you venture to criticize the home life of Bluebeard. Puritanism may mean anything from the most fanatical teetotalism to the mildest disapproval of Nero. Roughly, however, it may be regarded as a kind of censorship of pleasures—not censorship of other people's pleasures necessarily, but a censorship of one's own. It is

an assertion of the belief that the right to pleasure is only a right within limits, which may easily degenerate into the right of a man to be a pig. Personally, I think that there is a good deal to be said for the right of a man to be a pig without interference from the police provided he does not set about turning the world at large into a sty; but I hold—and this is where I differ from most of the anti-Puritans I have known—that to other people must equally be conceded the right of dissent from his ideals. To dissent from a man on moral grounds seems to many anti-Puritans to be an inartistic relic of seventeenth-century intolerance. But this usually means that they themselves are intolerant of any disagreement with their own moral code of eating, drinking, and general merriment.

A great deal of the anti-Puritanism of to-day, indeed, is merely intolerance (in an ugly phrase) "up to date." You have only to hear the ordinary anti-Puritan pronounce the word "Nonconformist" to appreciate this. Anti-Puritanism at its best, however, is concerned not with attacking this or that form of religion, but with the defence of the arts. It is an affirmation that beauty is the supreme law of life, and a denial of the right of the moralist or the vestryman to criticize beauty in accordance with his own irrelevant standards. It demands that, if a poem be beautifully written or a picture beautifully painted, we shall be silent with everything but our praise. This is a point of view for which there is something to be said. One wonders at times whether there is not, after all, a morality of good writing and good painting which, even from the Puritan standpoint, makes a poem by Baudelaire a chaster piece of work than a badly written novelette. It is usually, however, in regard to some inessential work of art or literature that the anti-Puritans raise the banner of their ideal. They are less likely to quarrel with the Puritans about "Hamlet" or Sir Thomas Browne than about Oscar Wilde's "Salome" or Nijinsky's dancing. They are more likely still to attack the Puritans on the score of some book or drawing which is deliberately intended to shock, like Mr. George Moore's "Hail and Farewell!" or some of those distorted anatomies which pass for works of art among the Futurists and their followers. The Puritan contends that art, like every other human activity, should have its decencies, and that exhibitionism is a disease and not a conceivable artistic ideal. The anti-Puritan replies that the artist must have perfect liberty to choose his own subject and to treat it in his own way without reference to other people's ideas of decency and morals. One would not mind this very much if one could trust the artist to treat his subject with a divine indifference as to its moral or immoral significance. But artists are only human, and if they choose indecent subjects it is ten to one that they do so not because they are splendidly impartial, but because they are apostles and propagandists of indecency. They are as fervent moralists as anybody; only their morality is phallic rather than Puritanical.

They preach a sexualism which seems to me to be the enemy both of life and of art. It is a sexualism the logic of which is seen in the Lock Hospital and in the æsthetics of decadence. Great art can arise only through the defeat of the endless missionaries of sexualism. Shakespeare, though he was obviously no Puritan in the everyday sense of the word, simply could not have written his plays as we know them if he had taken the same view of chastity as the Restoration dramatists did. It was, one is told, during two

centuries of passionate Puritanism that the Hebrews produced their great prophetic literature. The relationship between Puritanism and great art could not be better suggested, I think, than by such a fact as that Savonarola of the Bonfire of Vanities had as his devoted followers men like Michelangelo and Botticelli. Personally, I think that Savonarola's Bonfire of Vanities was an infinitely more beautiful thing than any picture or jewel that was destroyed in it.

Puritanism, then, is not the enemy of beauty as is commonly supposed. In its extreme form it may be a theory of salvation through negation—negation of love and wine and song. It may look on virtue as mainly a matter of groans. But I cannot help suspecting that the groaning kind of Puritan would have made as miserable a job of it, no matter what his creed had been. After all, the anti-Puritans are not such a cheerful crowd that they can afford to boast. I have heard it said that martyrs being burned at the stake were a far merrier-looking company than the anti-Puritan gamblers of Monte Carlo. As a matter of fact, when the anti-Puritan wants to make a strong case against the Puritans he usually does so not on the ground that their Puritanism is wrong, but on the ground that their Puritanism is only a pretence. He accuses them of secret drinking, of gluttony, of making eyes at their neighbors' wives. He denounces them not for their ideal, but for their failure to live up to it. Hypocrisy, of course, is fair game for the satirist, and so is the blighting sort of virtue. In regard to the former, however, there is as much Pharisaism of vice as of virtue in these days, and Puritanism does not involve the abolition, but merely the subordination and selection, of pleasures.

Puritans, I believe, are perfectly right in their theory that abstinence of a sort is necessary to the sort of happiness most worth having. One cannot be drunk with beer and with art at the same time; one cannot be drunk with beer and with any spiritual thing at the same time. Puritanism is abstinence from the ecstasies of the sensations as a means of making possible the ecstasies of the spirit. It is not a more dangerous form of abstinence than the abstinence of the anti-Puritans, who abstain so freely from the decencies and the graces. It is a glorious fastidiousness, a preference of the natural to the artificial, an acceptance of Nature with all her modesties. It has more regard for the technique of conduct than for the technique of the drawing-school—and I think this is good even for the drawing-school. It is the view that only out of serious life can the greatest art spring, and that art which is not an expression of serious living is prone to be mere ornament and of no more imaginative significance than lilies in a hearse.

Robert Lynd.

The New Weekly.

AN AUTHOR'S CONFESSIONS.*

Mr. Moncrieff might have entitled his book "The Confessions of an Author." Sitting on the stool of repentance, he frankly admits that, under his own name and various *aliases*—chiefly that of Ascott R. Hope—he has written and published in the course of his shameless career no fewer than two hundred books or more. From first to last he must have shed as much ink as there was in Falstaff's gross body.

"Now that I am somewhat turned

* "A Book about Authors: Reflections and Recollections of a Book-Wright." By A. R. Hope Moncrieff. (A. & C. Black, 10s. net.)

out to grass [he writes] I can chew the cud of recollection that in one year, as author, editor, translator, or contributor, I was concerned with the preparation of a score of volumes. In another year, I brought forth a dozen or so, all my own."

Truly a prodigious record! The only excuse for its commemoration in this jubilee volume—for his first book appeared when he was in his 'teens, just fifty years ago—is that his experiences may serve as an object lesson for some literary aspirants eager to follow in his footsteps. It is not encouraging to those who fondly imagine that the modern book market is paved with gold to learn that, as a result of all Mr. Moncrieff's labors, his literary income has not averaged more than a beggarly hundred guineas a year. This estimate, too, does not take into account the incidental items of postage, stationery, and travelling expenses connected with his work. Happily for Mr. Moncrieff, he has not been wholly dependent upon his pen; otherwise he would not be so content with a career which, as he rather naively confesses, if it has not led to fortune, has at least kept him out of mischief. That surely is a novel reason for praising the author's calling, and it scarcely weighs against the cold logic of pounds, shillings, and pence.

"A Book about Authors," therefore, is an excellent antidote to put into the hands of those who may have been somewhat dazzled by Mr. Arnold Bennett's estimate of the prizes to be won by the successful novelist. Let it be admitted that the literary life is delightful for those who can afford to regard it as its own reward, and profitable enough to the comparative few who share its prizes; but it remains an incontrovertible fact that, for the vast majority, it is harder than ever to-day to live by books alone. Mr. Moncrieff says there is reason to fear, as was recently suggested in *The Athenæum*, that the novelists who command the largest sales are fattening under the present system at the expense of their less successful fellows. To-day name counts for practically everything both with the general public and the trade, and since the author with the largest following demands a small fortune for every book, the publisher pays that price, and devotes to his work a proportionate amount of attention, largely at the expense of the great unknown.

Mr. Moncrieff's well-stored volume, pleasantly written like all his books, reminds us more of the elder D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" than of the conventional literary autobiography. It is, indeed, a whole series of books in one, including "A Short History of Authors" from Homer and the Sibyl to Dickens and Thackeray; a brief survey of publishing through the ages, from the days of the ancient upwards —with undue emphasis, perhaps, on the black sheep of that much-maligned flock; and separate chapters on the quarrels, anatomy, and trade of authors, which appear in the main to support Leslie Stephen's opinion that "Literature is, in all cases, a demoralizing occupation," on account of its inevitable publicity.

It is easy to be entertaining on the subject of the petty quarrels of authors in the history of every age of literature; but why do so many writers harp on this well-worn topic? The story of English authorship is as full of illustrious friendships as of jealousies and squabbles. When Mr. Moncrieff's book reaches the second edition to which its undoubted merits entitle it, we hope that he will do justice to the nobler as well as to the baser side of his craft. The squabbles have generally been among the lesser and noisier men, who have made unscrupulous use of the dangerous weapon ever ready to their hand. In

its highest development our literary history is singularly rich in its records of generous and lasting friendships.

Shrewd as are most of Mr. Moncrieff's observations on the inner workings of the book world, we do not think that even the Authors' Society, however much it may agree with his prejudices against the wicked race of publishers, would countenance his suggestion that writers might co-operate with advantage and become their own publishers. To begin with, authors are notoriously the worst business men in the world. Most of those who have tried their inexperienced hands at bringing their own literary offspring into the world have soon been glad enough to resign that task to the legitimate midwife. It is true that Ruskin succeeded in his pitched battle with the trade, but Ruskin, it must be remembered, was Ruskin, and he chose the right man in George Allen to train into his ideal publisher.

A whole chapter could be written on the luckless experiments of other authors in the same complicated craft. Mark Twain thought he could revolutionize ideas on the subject by "commission publishing" on his own arbitrary lines.

"When I took up the publication of a book [he once confessed], I called in a publisher, and said to him, 'I want you to publish this book along lines which I shall lay down. I am the employer, you are the *employé*. I am going to show you some new kinks in the publishing business. And I want you to draw on me for money as you go along'—which he did. He drew on me for 56,000 dollars. Then I asked him to take the book and call it off; but he refused to do that."

A more desperate venture was that of Robert Buchanan, whose turbulent spirit raged and fumed against the world of letters in general and publishers in particular. He had started publishing for himself—with the inevitable results—when he took Sir Walter Besant to task for tempting the unenlightened to enter the literary life.

"The very stones of the street cry out and rebuke you, sir [he wrote], when you invite the young and unwary, and above all, the honestly inspired, to enter the blood-stained gates of this Inferno."

Although Mr. Moncrieff does not fulminate against the literary life with Buchanan's wild anathemas, or endorse Charles Lamb's advice to Bernard Barton—though he quotes it—that he should rather throw himself "slapdash headlong on iron spikes" than give up a salaried post for the uncertainties of letters, his opinions of authors and their ways, as well as of publishers as he has found them, cast but a murky light on the inner world of books. True, he introduces a brighter illumination when he declares at the end that, in spite of all its drawbacks, in spite of all the pitfalls with which he knows its path to be strewn, he would choose no other calling were he to start life afresh. But Mr. Moncrieff, be it repeated, has never been wholly dependent upon his pen. An independent income encourages the pursuit of optimism.

The Athenæum.

ON HOLIDAYS.

There are epochs of history which their enemies call rude and which their friends call simple. My difficulty is that they seem to me not simple, but subtle. They understood much better than we do the idea of variety and reaction. For them emancipation was a recoil and not merely a release. The

world must be turned upside down at absolute intervals, as a bucket must be turned upside down in order to empty it. It is the essence of a holiday that it must be a revolution, and it is the essence of a revolution that it must revolve. A revolution far more frightful and overwhelming than any of the revolutions of history happens every twelve hours. We do, quite seriously, die daily. We trust ourselves in utter dark and dissolution; in such black sleep as has killed many men by a drug or by the drifting snow. Each of us has every night an enormous negative holiday. But most will agree, I think, that the essence of that holiday is its irresponsibility. The legal authorities would be kept busy if we could be indicted for the crimes we have committed in dreams. Now the whole point of a holiday was to be, within certain rational restraints, irresponsible. Interfering with a holiday was almost like interfering with a dream. And the whole project of using holidays as anything else but holidays was really absent from the mind. The notion of "combining amusement with instruction" would have seemed like the notion of combining sleep with insomnia. Great spiritual authorities have told us to watch and pray. Great spiritual influences, I think, also tell us to believe and sleep. But neither god nor priest nor devil ever had the impudence to tell us to watch and sleep. And that is the contradiction made by the modern cranks about holidays. It would be a typical and triumphant work of modern science to take charge of a child day and night; to give him the drugs that would keep him half asleep all day, and the dreams that would keep him half awake all night.

In this connection I think the educational arrangement about holidays has long been a ludicrous mistake. Holiday tasks are a mistake. Home-work is a mistake. Give the boy or girl less holidays if you think they need less. But be sufficiently business-like to get the best out of the boy or girl for whatever concession you make to them. If you can excuse anyone from work, you can excuse him from worry. Leisure is a food, like sleep; liberty is a food, like sleep. Leisure is a matter of quality rather than quantity. Five minutes lasts longer when one cannot be disturbed than five hours when one may be disturbed. Restrict the liberty in point of time; restrict it in point of space; but do not restrict it in point of quality. If you give somebody only three seconds holiday—then, by all the remains of your ruined sense of honor, leave him alone for three seconds.

Current educational affairs have been crowded with examples of this confused attempt to do two opposite things at once. There was one professor and, unfortunately, practiser of modern education who arranged that all the school children should be taught their lessons in the middle of a field. This might be convenient if he wanted to teach them to eat grass. He was quite capable of it; though, after reading his explanation, I should think his own thoughts would stray towards thistles. There is doubtless much to be said for this mode of eating, so long as the vegetarian has the wisdom of the cow, and does nothing else except eat. But cows have little time for quadratic equations or irregular verbs; and though the donkey likes thistles, he seldom emulates the Scotchman, the other admirer of that vegetable, in his love of a thrifty but thorough grounding in Greek and Latin. And if a boy finds that German bores him or decimals bother him, I cannot see why he should be less bored and bothered because he has to study them in full view of a meadow he must not play in, or a tree he must

not climb. These people are so fundamentally joyless that they cannot seize separate the element of human joy. The same professor would be quite capable of taking children to an empty theatre three weeks before the pantomime and of expecting them to feel festive because they were learning logarithms in a comfortable box. He would be quite capable of taking some sporting undergraduates to the empty Grand Stand of some race-course as deserted as the Coliseum, and there examining them about the Darwinian evolution of the horse. It has never crossed his mind to ask *what* people enjoy in a race-course or a theatre or a field.

Then there was that extraordinary holiday that a great Socialist society took in the mountainous part of Wales. They took a whole hygienic apparatus with them; Swedish clubs or dumb-bells or the Lord knows what; and they had a sort of time-table with all the hours for lectures and exercises. Now a man might as well take a tread-mill to the top of a mountain as a pair of dumb-bells. He is deliberately adding to an activity, which will lead him somewhere, another activity that won't lead him anywhere. A squirrel who has escaped up a tree might just as well come back to get his revolving cage. I do not think a squirrel would; but squirrels are not Socialists. As Mr. W. B. Yeats says of the same animal, "No government appointed him." But I think the somewhat anarchic note sometimes struck by Mr. Yeats or some of his friends is quite as antagonistic to the excitement of a true holiday. A holiday that never ends is one that never begins: the superiority of the Celtic artist over the "Anglo-Saxon" educationist amounts to little more than an æsthetic superiority; that the artist would paint everything gray while the other would paint everything drab. Both are too monochrome; both under-rate the revolt and the vivacity of life. To go "into the twilight" is a great thing; but it should mean going into the darkness and then into the daybreak. Abolishing all responsibility is like abolishing all irresponsibility. It is that modern, or perhaps eastern thing, an inhuman simplicity.

Let me take an example which involves a particular sort of holiday that is fairly popular and national. About this time, or a little later, the big railway stations will be found thronged with the bags and babies of innumerable families going to seaside resorts. Each traveller is (I need hardly say) murmuring to himself the lines of Swinburne:

"I will go down to the great white
mother . . . .
Mother and maker of men, the sea;
I will go down to her, I and none
other . . . ."

A friend of mine regards these lines as unreasonable, declaring that Swinburne, however much he liked sea-bathing, should not insist on all the seas of the world being locked up like his private bathroom. But certainly the request, whether reasonable or no, would be very difficult to enforce, say, at Margate or Broadstairs. But even if it be true, as I were loath to believe, that some holiday-makers do not murmur Swinburne's lines as they start, I am still firmly convinced that most holiday-makers like the sea because it is some kind of outlook upon some kind of loneliness and liberty. It is the only plain, straight line in Nature. It is the only empty place on earth. It is the one open window: to Jones, as it was to Keats.

I think it was Richard Jefferies who said that all men ought to be idle; and that we should get all the work we wanted done by harnessing to our machinery the tremendous tides of the sea. Something analogous has been

lately suggested by Mr. Wells; but I disagree with it; I think it would destroy the holiday. The moment the sea became as useful as Belfast, it would become as useless as Belfast. I do not mean merely that there would almost certainly be an irritating string of little machines to spoil the foreshore; I do not even mean (though I heartily believe) that the profits of the great sea-factory would go—where the profits of most modern factories go. I mean, strictly, that we should have removed all the use of the seaside by removing the uselessness of the sea. Men jaded or dazed with duties wish to look out across that fruitless field, in which God has sown we know not what seed and shall raise we know not what harvest. They wish to behold how enormous is their irresponsibility. The sea blows upon the cashier at Margate the great good news that he is not God. But this holiday sentiment will continue to weaken so long as men try to make all our holidays duties, or all our days holidays; and cannot understand that when anything is being woven the shuttle flies back and forth.

G. K. Chesterton.

The New Witness.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Bluebeard" (Harper & Brothers) is a deliciously diverting travesty of the conventional lecture-recital, written as an interpretation of an imaginary posthumous work by Wagner, and discoursing upon the plot and analyzing motives with a mock seriousness which cannot fail to appeal to all readers who are possessed of musical taste and knowledge,—and of some who are not. It is a very clever bit of satire.

Gifford Pinchot's "The Training of a Forester" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a manual written for the guidance and encouragement of the increasing number of young men who are thinking of making forestry a profession. It is written with enthusiasm, yet with a wise moderation, for no one knows better than Mr. Pinchot that successful careers in forestry are possible only to those who bring to the work the right qualifications of mind, body and character. No one could be better fitted by personal experience than Mr. Pinchot to explain the methods followed and the ends in view, and eight full-page illustrations add to the practical value as well as to the attractiveness of the book. Altogether, this is an alluring guide to a profession which has large possibilities, national and personal.

From the German of Gottfried Keller, A. C. Bahlmann has translated a touching and simple tale "A Village Romeo and Juliet" for which Mrs. Edith Wharton furnishes as an Introduction a sketch of the author and an appreciation of his work. The Romeo and Juliet of the story are Swiss peasants, drawn closely together in their childhood, separated for years by reason of a bitter feud of their parents, and again drawn together in later youth by an attraction too strong to be resisted, although its only possible end is tragedy. The story is told with a simple power which is not lost in the translation. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The volume entitled "Right Living: Messages to Youth from Men who have Achieved" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is edited by Homer H. Cooper, A.M., superintendent of Spiceland Academy, and is made up of brief articles or

letters, most of them written with the direct purpose of conveying suggestions to the students of the academy as to the best ways of using their opportunities and making the most and the best of life. The editor was fortunate in securing the cooperation of men of high ideals and successful careers in widely varying professions,—public men, authors, preachers, business men and others; and their messages to the youth whom they addressed are messages of encouragement and wise counsel.

C. B. Fillebrown's little handbook on "Taxation" which is added to the National Social Science Series published by A. C. McClurg & Co. is especially timely just now when various schemes of taxation, national and state, are in process of enforcement or under discussion. The practical and the theoretical are well combined in Mr. Fillebrown's consideration of the subject. Treating first of the nature of taxation and the various views of its incidence, and the principles of justice which underlie it,—or should underlie it—he passes to the limitations and mutual relations of national, state and local taxation, and the practical workings of the general property tax, the income tax, inheritance taxes, corporation taxes and the land tax, and closes with a brief review of reform tendencies in taxation.

The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis's "The Story of Phædrus" (The Macmillan Co.) is a venture, and not a very successful venture, in the field of religious fiction. Twentieth-century English sounds oddly when it is used to describe first-century characters and environment. Mr. Hillis's characters "chuckle" precisely as they might if they were inventions of Jack London's; but in the next sentence they use the most stilted and stately phrases. When one reads a first-century girl's exultant statement that "women have a bigger, better part to play in the world" it sounds somehow strangely modern. Altogether, it would be difficult for any one with the slightest sense of humor to take this narrative seriously, even though it deals with New Testament origins, and attributes to the slave Phædrus the glorious service of collecting and arranging the materials of the Gospel story.

Volumes of short stories are popularly supposed to be going out of favor, but there is little danger that Mr. Richard Dehan's "The Cost of Wings" will lack readers. The puzzling title is explained in the first story. It is as modern as can be imagined, and its interest depends entirely upon the turn which the heroine's fancy may take. Mr. Dehan avers that this tale has "a moral—of a kind." However that may be, it is an excellent example of his favorite device. He presents a difficulty apparently insoluble, and presently shows a way of escape so easy that the reader, half-mortified, begins the next tale resolved not to be tricked again, only to be once more a victim. "A Faded Romance" repeats the ever charming theme of the French lady who survives the Revolution and is good fairy to the next generation. "An Indian Baby" reveals a baby who was not a baby, and lived to reward the kind woman who wished to adopt him. A good Breton story, a bright Irish story, a clever romance of an English parish, form part of the book, and in two delightfully ill-spelled letters starred with joyously lavished capitals, an Eton boy tells two romances, one dead as Richardson's "Pamela," the other only prophesied. There are twenty light tales. It is not necessary to read all at once, but the man of adventurous spirit may try. Frederick A. Stokes Company.